

# Catholic Digest

REG. U.S.  
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Vol. 6

FEBRUARY, 1942

No. 4

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# CATHOLIC DIGEST

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

O God, who hast dominion over all countries and their rulers, who healest wounds by stripes and makest safe by pardon, extend over us Thy mercy, so that we may use the quietness of peace procured under Thy power to amend our ways.

Postcommunion from the Mass in Time of War.

## THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

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The policy of The Catholic Digest is to draw upon all Catholic magazines and upon non-Catholic magazines as well, when they publish catholic articles. We are sorry the latter cannot be taken as a general endorsement of everything in the non-Catholic magazines. It is rather an encouragement to them to continue using Catholic material. In this we follow the advice of St. Paul: For the rest, brethren, all that is true, all that is seemly, all that is just, all that is pure, all that is lovable, all that is winning—whatever is virtuous or praiseworthy—let such things fill your thought.



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## Prayer of a Patriot

By TED LeBERTHON

Condensed from the *Daily News*\*

**Almighty God**, awaken us from our long sleep. Teach us the true meaning of love of country. We are body and soul. And is it not true that our bodies are related to this earth, this American soil, that this is our mother earth?

If our bodies have been sustained, through the years, in this nation, from the vegetables and fruits that have come from this earth; and if we have been clothed from wool off the sheep that have grazed upon this earth; and have been sheltered by wood from our hills and mountains; and have drunk of the waters of our rivers; are we not in debt to this nation in which You willed that we be born?

If we have earned our living here; if we have profited from a business or a profession or a job here; if we have enjoyed freedom of religion, speech, press and assemblage; if we have had

our homes protected by our police and our firefighters; if our government has harnessed torrents and built dams, so that by pressing a button our homes are lit, and by turning a faucet water gushes forth; has not this nation been our great home? Can we dare accept the benefits without the responsibilities?

And if our nation is our great familiar home, dare we grumble at an hour like this that there are those in the family who have shortcomings? What family does not unite against those who would destroy it?

And should not a man die for his country, seeing that he must die anyhow, and that men so often die for something far less worthy? Have not many men died from heart attacks through overwork amassing profits? Have they not given their lives to building up a fortune slaving, wor-

\*Los Angeles, Calif. Dec. 13, 1941.

rying? Have not many persons cut years off their lives, and sacrificed their health, in the pursuit of pleasure?

Have not many courted death through fast driving, and jeopardized the lives of their fellow creatures? Should not such persons expiate their lack of concern by risking their lives in war to protect these fellow creatures?

Almighty God, teach men that the love of a flag is a far finer thing than the worship of a golden calf; that a flag stands for an ideal, for not what we are but what we would like to be as citizens, just as the cross stands for what we should become like unto, as the children of God. Teach us, O Lord, that here on earth we are imperfect, that we are never as good citizens as we might be, just as we are rarely true to You and Your commandments.

Show us, O Lord, that there could be no peace on earth because we did not invite You, our Father, into our hearts. Inform our hearts that when peace is sought again by the nations, the representatives of the Prince of Peace shall be invited to the council table, and not be excluded, as at Versailles.

Teach us that there can be no democracy unless Christ be the cornerstone. Make plain to us that the dignity of the common man was first brought to the world by Christ, who

espoused poverty, making Himself like the multitude, toiling as a carpenter, spreading His Gospel through humble fishermen, teaching that the last shall be first, and that all men are one.

Illumine us, O Lord. Reveal to us that we all sin, and are all accountable to You; that the poor man who would have liked to get wealthy no matter whom he trod upon is just as guilty as the ruthless wealthy man and therefore one with him; that this is as true, O Lord and Saviour, as Your statement that a man who lusts after a woman in his heart is as guilty of adultery as if he had committed it.

Show us that we must all be better in our hearts if we are to be a better nation; and, if we are to be victorious in war, teach us to be worthy of our stewardship in a new age.

Teach us, Christ, that it will be good for us to make sacrifices, to eat more sparingly, to forego pleasures, if we are to be strong and courageous. Let us heed St. Paul's analogy of the athlete who trains to win the prize; and make us discipline ourselves. Let us experience hunger, that we may know how millions of the poor have always lived while we were filling our stomachs. Let us thus feel most intensely our oneness with them, and understand more fully Christ's compassion for them.

And, O Lord, teach us not to hate. Teach us that we are fighting against



false ideas and against the men in all nations who hold them, but only so long as they hold them. Show us that a man may change, that he may abandon false ideas, which are false gods. Teach us that we are fighting against idolatry, the worship of the absolute state.

Teach us, dear Christ, to throw off the burden of our own false gods, especially the golden calf, that we may be lighter in heart and unafraid of death, knowing that we go forth to our true, eternal home. Make us

laugh at all the false gods of this world that men set their hearts upon. Convince us that the truth will make us free.

Tell us again and again that it is better to fear Satan, who can destroy our souls, than to fear the bullets and bombs which can only kill our bodies.

Let us consecrate ourselves and our country to You, O Lord. Let us start every day by going into a house of worship, and asking You what we shall do that day to best serve our country.



It has not been possible or wise for me, since my recent visits to the Vatican, to speak in public—and it has likewise been my judgment that I should observe a certain amount of restraint in speaking of my experiences, wonderful as they have been, in private. There is a timelessness about the Vatican which impels me to believe that in the life of the spirit, human interests cannot always be measured in terms of a generation or of a life or of a century. Thus the solution of the principal difficulties and trials which from time to time eclipse the children of God must always be brought into accord with the great fundamentals, and never be the subject of temporary compromise.

It is trite and easy to say that civilization has failed. But civilization is only what we are as individuals. It is not something that can fail. Shall we say that we have failed? Does that matter? God has not failed. He cannot fail. Rather is the challenge to us to fortify our faith, renew our vows and take up the good fight—the fight of the spiritual over the material. The forces of that which is good and just will overcome the forces of evil. The power of justice is slow-moving, but irresistible. All wars are in vain, but the peace when it comes need not be in vain.

Myron C. Taylor, address to N. Y. City U. of N. D. alumni (N.C.W.C.),  
7 Dec. '41.

# The Bomb Hit the Cruiser

By a British seaman, as told to Richard G. Hubler

How war is hell

Condensed from *Harper's Magazine*\*

**Bombing at sea** is difficult to describe. The ship is pushing ahead under full draft, plates vibrating, shoving water back white from the bow. Everybody is quiet, tending to his own particular business. You can smell danger in the air, though. The same kind of smell that makes a dog bristle.

The sky is empty, the sun ready to go down. Sudden-like there is a humming in the distance, a low-voiced hum like a hive of giant bees gone mad. There is a stir up on the cruiser's bridge, the voices of spotters saying in their high voices, "Planes off the starboard bow, sir."

Only a minute and you see them. Stukas, flying in single file—nine of them. You see, the Jerries figure that nine Stukas are enough to sink any ship. The squadron leader usually carries the heaviest bombs and is the last to dive. The others mostly miss. But the leader marks the misses and dumps his own load accordingly.

Even below decks you can tell how the Jerries are coming, when they dive. When they are high up, only the ack-acks (the antiaircraft guns) are firing, barking like impatient dogs at regular intervals. Black and white clouds burst around the planes. They

might be 20,000 feet or more up.

Now it comes. Just as though it had been tweaked off the invisible thread that holds them in line, the last Stuka slithers off in a sideslip. It pulls out, steadies, and comes straight down for the ship, wagging from side to side to make it harder to hit, the struts screaming. As it comes down, the pom-poms—the fat little square of automatic guns—start firing. Like a great pneumatic drill. A minute later the machine guns join in the clatter. You know that the Stuka, hurtling down at 400 miles plus, is ready to pull up from its waggle-dive and let go the bombs.

The black belly of the plane is right above the ship. Everyone thinks it is diving on him personally. You always duck a little. The good Jerry pilot rarely pulls out at over 1,000 feet. Some of them come down to 400 and 300 feet above the sea. Some of them never come out. Whether they are suicides or dead men before they hit water, we never know. But many a Stuka has gone straight to the bottom, hitting head on in the foam of our wake.

The dive bomber pulls out and lets go at the same time. Then come the ticklish seconds, most of them split.

\*49 E. 33rd St., New York City. December, 1941.

The whistle of the bomb is low and pleasant. If it is close the sound gets shrill and impatient. Hitting the water, it explodes like a depth bomb: it disappears, gathers strength, you might say, erupts into the air. The force of the explosion generally lays the ship over at a 30° angle, nearly on her beam-ends.

No one ever remembers the sound of a bomb if it hits a ship. No sound of coming or explosion. But our ship didn't learn that until Crete.

At dawn we began to take men aboard from Greece, dirty, sweaty, bloody, and exhausted. The work was done inshore by destroyers. They took the men from rafts and small boats, picked them out of the sea and churned over to us to unload.

All this time the Stukas were hammering away at us again. For five hours it kept up: bombing, swerving, loading on the run. We got 1,000 men crowded on board and started back. The bombing tapered off and we had no further trouble back to Alexandria. No casualties.

Three weeks later orders came to steam out. To Crete. This time we knew. A hellish time was coming up. We had fooled the Jerries twice before, at Dunkirk and Greece. We had got most of ours out under their fire. Now they would be out for murder.

My bunkmate heard the orders over the speaker. He turned to me.

"I wonder what tight spot we'll have to get the jolly army out of now?" he said.

This time the shore was steep and rocky. The destroyers could steam up against little jetties and take men, swarms of them, aboard. They were nearly dead, worse than Greece. They collapsed on the deck. We had to carry some below.

Once we put in under a cliff. But we got out fast. The Stukas kept hurtling over the edge of the cliff, dropping their sticks and swooping away before we had a chance to train guns on them. We went farther out to sea in company with two other cruisers. Night was coming on and the bombings were slacking off. We kept loading from the destroyers. At dawn we were through. Just as it got light and we had steam up, we got our first frantic alarm.

"Plane off port bow, sir!" shouted one of the spotters, a boy of about 17. The captain stood by. The men were tense. Men at battle stations waited, nerves on edge. A chief petty officer hurried over to check. He kept his eye to the telescope for nearly 15 seconds.

"Well," said the captain, "what's it doing now?"

The petty turned round. "The bloomin' thing is flappin' its wings, sir," he said.

We had taken our quota of 1,500 men aboard; it was a big load. We

had to get away fast. We had the speed. But it was getting light. Somewhere we would meet the Jerries' dawn patrol.

One of the destroyers had been crippled by a torpedo. For a while we stuck alongside. But we saw she would slow up our escape hopelessly. At full speed we left her.

Too late. The sun was up. The Jerries arrived, a swarm of deadly, black beetles. My shipmates and myself, already on duty for 16 hours, underwent the worst bomb-raide in naval history for the next few hours. That's what they tell us now. Squadrons of planes from the captured Crete airports were coming at us. From 20 to 30 Stukas at a time were diving on us. Some crashed in mid-air, they were so thick. Bombs, lifting huge fountains of foam and debris, were going off everywhere about us. The air was thick with sweat and the bitter smell of burned cordite. For the first time my stomach turned over. I was scared.

Yet all of us had our tea and smokes. Except maybe me. One of the petty officers told me to put out my cigarette when the pom-poms started firing.

"I don't mind your smoking when the other guns are going," he said. "But your puffing while the pom-poms are shooting unnerves me." I used a toothpick at pom-pom time after that.

In all that racket, screams of divers, rattle of guns, bursting of bombs, I wanted some bully beef. I went down to the mess deck. I got some. And some tea too. I crossed over behind a locker to drink and eat. That saved my life. I had just got a bite down when the bomb landed.

This is what happened. A Stuka squadron leader had at last hit us. The bomb must have been a 1,000-pounder, one of the special, needle-pointed variety. It went through our heavy armor plate like a knife through cheese, and exploded.

My mouth was full of beef when it landed. I heard a crash. Not a loud one but like a crockery smash on the stage. The air round me seemed sucked out in a vacuum. The atmosphere was full of what looked like burning gas and sparks. Behind the locker, I didn't get it much. Only my hair got full of sparks.

I jumped and cut for the door. The mess room was near the magazine. I was afraid it might go at any minute. I went headlong through a bunch of men in the doorway and outside. The world blew up behind me and the concussion knocked me to my knees. Thick white smoke came out of the mess room. For some reason I went back in there.

I nearly stepped on a dead man's face. The smoke was boiling just beneath the ceiling. I could see half a dozen bodies about. They were the

men I had shoved through seconds before. All of them were dead.

One man, just inside the door, had his body split open. Next to him was another body with head and a half of one leg sheared off. Farther over was a body ringed with burning sparks like some unholy halo.

I turned and ran, looking for an officer. The cries of wounded men followed me. I've heard one of your American writers say, "The wounded don't cry." They do, in a piercing manner that twists itself about your heart. The dying men cry, too. But their cries are different, awful, with no comparison in this world. Eighty-five men were killed by the explosion. Hundreds were wounded. But the cruiser kept on at full speed.

The effect of the bomb on the men was queer. One fellow, happy-go-lucky, boastful, went into a corner and sat there for four hours doing nothing but biting his knuckles, saying, "Fred's gone," every little while. Fred had been his chum. Another man, hard-boiled, began to cry. A petty officer we all disliked was like a man in a dream. He ordered me to connect both ends of a short piece of hose to different fireplugs and turned the water on full force. It burst the hose, of course. I must have been balmy myself to do it.

Another man could not rise from the deck. He crawled along on it, like an animal. When he had to rise

to salute an officer he still cringed, trying to crawl, yet stand.

All this time the Jerries were after us. They were raging. They knew we were hit and were determined to finish us. The planes kept whirring over, the bomb-spouts dancing, the ship still veering, port and starboard.

After that, we showed no mercy ourselves. We got many a Stuka just as it pulled out of the dive.

For three hours the rain of bombs continued like the end of the world. Finally, the attacks tapered off, and, as we got toward Alexandria, ceased altogether. Then we found out that some of the soldiers who had been shut up below decks had died in a strange way. When the bomb hit, some had become panic-stricken at the thought of suffocating in the steel coffin of the cruiser. They had forced themselves halfway out of the portholes. They had been unable to get back. Most of them had died there in agony, either from gradual body strangulation or bullets.

Two hours from Alexandria we buried our dead. It does no good to bury dead in the harbor. The natives think that England is invincible. The bodies and fragments of bodies were rolled up in sacks, sheets, and blankets, each with a small-caliber shell at the foot to sink it. They were lowered overside at a mass funeral. We soon got used to handling bloody flesh, but once when a corpse slipped

through my hands and a piece of angle iron scalped it, I got a dressing down from an officer for it—just as though the body were alive.

Alongside us was the other cruiser, also burying her dead.

That was the end of the expedition in blood. There was a strange silence and the sound of the last post over the water. We had given the Jerries as good as they sent but we had been hard hit. Yet everyone was glad in a way for the bomb, because if we had been untouched we should have

had to go back into action again.

There was tension aboard for days after. One incident while unloading at Alexandria illustrates it. Not all the dead had been buried at sea. One man had got his dead chum out on a stretcher at the docks. The body was quite perfect, except that one foot was blown off. A petty officer tossed another corpse's mutilated leg on the stretcher with the body. The sailor turned, sobbing, pitched into the officer and beat him up, with permission of the other officers.



### *The Missions in Wartime*

What has happened to the missionaries in the Far East?

They are unharmed, as far as we know.

What will they do now?

They will stay at their posts and continue their work as best they can.

Suppose they find themselves in the fighting zone?

It will not be the first time. They will minister to souls in need, particularly to the wounded and homeless; they will relieve suffering. And they will leave the rest in God's hands.

Does the work of the missions appear as important as ever?

It is still the most important work that man can do.

How can we help the missions in the present circumstances?

As always, in Christ's own way: by prayer, work and sacrifice.

Can money still be sent to the missions in the Far East?

To some, yes. In other missions the bishop and priests have arranged to borrow locally. They are doing this right now, in the belief that *you* are continuing to send your donations for them.

Are missionaries concentrating on the problems of the moment?

Not exclusively. It would be criminal to lose sight of tomorrow, when peace will come to an exhausted, shaken, questing world.

Are they discouraged because of the present war?

No! Missionaries are grieved by war. War hurts their work. It does not make them lose courage.

*The Far East* (Jan. '42).



# Francis Jammes

By MOTHER MARIE THERESE ROGERS, O.S.U.

Condensed from an Annual\*

On the threshold of the 20th-century renaissance in France, the naive lilt of Francis Jammes is almost lost in the grand chorus of deep-toned, golden song. Among the symbolists, Paul Claudel was seeking to blend the harmonies of earth and heaven in his magnificent liturgical conception of human life centered in sacrifice about the Sacred Host. While Henri Ghéon sounded the hearts of God's heroes for his hagiographical choruses in praise of divine grace, Louis Le Cardonnell was echoing the mystical melodies of the soul's union with Christ in verses unsurpassed by moderns for their sheer lyrical beauty. In the school of naturalism, Charles Péguy's battalions of words were beating out a steady, forceful peasant march in quest of social charity. And Jammes?

"Posterity will know that I have never ceased to lift myself against the vice of our age, which is complication." Thus, at the age of 67, near the end of his course, testified the poet who, at 30, had published his first volume of poems with the preface:

"My God, You have called me among men. Here I am. I suffer and

I love. I have spoken with the voice which You gave me. I have written with the words which You taught to my mother and father, who transmitted them to me. I pass along the way like a burdened donkey with hanging head, who makes the children laugh. I shall go wherever You wish, whenever You wish.

"The Angelus is ringing."

Born of an old Pyrenean bourgeois family, Francis Jammes spent his happy childhood at Tournay until the age of five, when his father was made receiver of records at Bordeaux. Three interests were paramount in the lad's mind during the years spent in that picturesque seaport: the lure of the botanical gardens; the wharves, where he sat watching the ships and dreaming of his grandfather, who had sought his fortune in far-off Guadeloupe; and his books.

Following the death of his father, Francis Jammes returned with his mother to Orthez, there to enter a notary's office until the success of his first poems left him free to pursue his career as a writer. To say that Jammes was a man of firm convictions is only to do justice to his decision to remain in that little village

\*Ursuline Tradition and Progress. (1940-1940). *Ursuline Academy, Wilmington, Del.*  
Oct. 21, 1941.

nestled away in the mountains, for it was a choice which involved the possible sacrifice of recognition by the literary critics of his day. He fled "the money of publicity, politics, opportunism, thirst for honors" in order to fulfill his poetic mission, preferring to seem mediocre in his achievements rather than to be so in his principles.

For 15 years more, Jammes lived in Orthez, during which period he formed a lasting friendship with Paul Claudel, married, and became the head of a family of six children. Having fallen heir to a house in the neighboring Basque village of Hasparren, he settled there until his death on All Saints' day, 1938, the very day on which his youngest daughter took the veil.

Linked to the school of nature poets by his interest in the simple and familiar, and to the symbolists by an outlook on the world which recognized in material creation various symbols of spiritual realities, Francis Jammes set out to be that rare person among French writers, a country poet. He loved to catch in the magic of words and rhythms the colors, lights, sounds and movements of the countryside with its wealth of flowers, trees, birds and animals, its brooks and springs. Nothing was too insignificant for the sympathy of his touch, from the gray spider spinning rainbows along the sun-dried rocks to

the agile little pigs arched up like goats to charge each other in mock combat. In his poems, bees dart by like sparks of sunshine; rabbits quiver on their silver haunches; a multitude of very small feet peep out beneath the ruffled feathers of the mother hen; white fishes file through the trembling shadows of the rippling brooks.

Sound effects heighten suggestions of color and movement, as when the little goat with pointed beard nibbles with the sound of scissors at the wild vines along the road. The shrill cries of the cricket excite a low growl from the old dog by the fireside. Notes of the Angelus bell mingle with the cackling of the chickens. A deep velvet silence can almost be heard in "the old forest where squirrels and woodpeckers are sleeping."

Perhaps Rémy de Gourmont's characterization of Francis Jammes as a bucolic poet is not exact, for it is difficult to see in him the attitude either of a peasant or a patriot. Even his *Géorgiques chrétiennes*, crowned by the Academy, fail to make the rounded synthesis required of an imitator of Vergil. He resembles, rather, a connoisseur who would collect and crystallize in his writings the charm in the life and traditions of the countryside. In this delicate role, Jammes identifies himself as much as possible with his subject, refining his work from anything savoring of condescen-

sion by the reverence of his approach. But, if he is an idyllist, it is not because he pictures only the pleasing aspects of rustic life. In presenting the shepherd as a type, he has him bearing upon his garments the odor of cheese; his sheep are dirty; the canteen loaded upon the toil-humped back of his donkey is old and tarnished. Yet, at the touch of art, the great windswept stretches of mountain country lend their suggestion of nobility to the characterization of the humble peasant.

In his treatment of animals, Francis Jammes frequently manifests that anthropomorphic tendency to attribute to them thoughts and sentiments which are his own. Combined with his natural gift of humor, this tendency produces a technique akin to parody—but a parody which, according to the definition of Gilbert K. Chesterton, is the worshiper's half holiday.

In his *Prayer to Go to Heaven With the Donkeys*, there is a suggestion that the poet is laughing at himself, or smiling at the little joke which cloaks his esteem for simple and humble folk under an allusion to the patient donkey; there might be a hint of tears; there is undoubtedly a great love.

Francis Jammes may well be described as the poet of simplicity. According to his own definition, his art depended upon the achievement of a

certain directness whereby "as children, who imitate as exactly as possible a beautiful model of writing, poets copy conscientiously a pretty bird, a flower or a young girl."

This story is an example of Jammes' writing.\* It is about a simple man, who had a great deal of work to do from which he got anything but a great deal of money. But then he had a wife and a daughter who was very dear indeed. And they lived all together happily enough with a cat who was always stretching herself behind the stove.

It happened that a great festival came, and the laborer, being impelled by the necessity of gesture, desired a celebration. So he bought a chicken, his wife cooked it, and at dinner the man and his wife and his daughter, who was small but very dear indeed, sat down to a banquet of chicken and potatoes and gravy and, at the end, ice cream. Even the cat was very pleased, and stretched more than once because she knew there would be many bones to eat during the long afternoon.

Afternoon came and the man, his wife, and his daughter, in a white dress, came out on the street. The perfect feast seemed to call for a crown fantastically perfect. Ah, the glittering new buses had just made their appearance on the streets of

\*Taken from *The Living Source*, published by Sheed & Ward, New York City.

Paris. A bus ride through the blue green of afternoon would overflow content. The man said, "We are going for a journey out of the city. You watch me now." He stood on a corner where he had often seen gentlemen make a sign to the driver of

the bus, and always it had stopped just before them. The bus came down the street. The man made a signal. But the bus driver, filled with the pride of his upper-class passengers, seeing those simple people, passed them by.



## The Man Who Made Mickey

By DOROTHY SANGSTER

Who likes a fairy tale

Condensed from the *Catholic Youth and the Crusader*\*

**When** Walt Disney gets an idea for a picture he calls in his "boys" and they sit around a big table while he goes to work. He jumps up and down. He outlines his plot. He begs them to understand.

Sometimes the boys like his idea. Sometimes they don't. They throw out part of his idea and put in parts of their own. A stenographer sits in a corner and makes notes, and what she finally puts down on paper is the new Disney show, starring Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck or the newest creation—the little elephant with the big ears, Dumbol!

Mickey is Walt's favorite. Walt loved mice, back in the days when he was a struggling young artist, and used to keep several of them as pets. A little brown mouse used to crawl

all over his drawing board; Walt named him Mortimer and after a while shortened it to Mickey. In those days Walt was working in Kansas City, with a staff of volunteer helpers, making animated fairy tales to be sold in New York. One day the New York outfit went broke, and Disney found himself without a job.

But he wasn't down and out—far from it. He bought an old camera and toured Kansas, taking pictures of babies to sell to their doting mothers! He scraped together a few dollars and arrived in Hollywood with a suit of clothes, a sweater, some film and \$40: and looked up his brother Roy.

The two brothers set up their office in an old store, with \$500 loaned them by an uncle, and hired two girls as assistants, one of whom, Lillian

\*67 Bond St., Toronto, Ont., Canada. December, 1941.

Bounds, fell in love with Walt and married him. They began to turn out cartoons, and the cartoons began to sell, whereupon Walt set out for New York to ask for more money to try out some new characters. But he was unsuccessful and, to make matters worse, his distributors in New York insisted on keeping as their property Disney's Oswald and Disney's artists.

Something had to be done; a new character had to be found. "But every animal has been done," Walt told his wife. "Dogs, cats, rabbits—there's nothing left."

Then, suddenly, he had the great idea. "My Mickey Mouse! Of course! Why didn't I think of him in the first place?"

The first Mickey Mouse short was called *Plane Crazy*. The second was *Gallopin' Gaucho*. It was unfortunate that just about the time they hit New York something else hit it—sound effects. And what chance had a silent animated cartoon against the thrill of the first "talkies"?

But Walt had the answer, and the third Mickey Mouse short was in sound. It was called *Steamboat Willie* and it was an instant success.

The Mickey of today is far more streamlined than that first Mickey. He wears white gloves to make his hands bigger; his shoes are larger, his eyes are different and he has had his tail cut off! He is cuter than ever; but he's still the same Mickey that

children and grown-ups all over the world love.

With Mickey Mouse well on the way to success, Walt looked around again and came up with the *Silly Symphonies*. They were beautiful fantasies in color, and for five years they received Hollywood's Academy awards.

What next? "A full-length feature picture, all animated and all in color," said Walt.

People listened and sneered. What movie audience was going to pay its good money to see a couple of hours of solid cartoons. "Fairy tales on the screen," they laughed. "Who would go to see a fairy tale?"

About a year later all America was seeing that fairy tale, and it was Walt Disney's *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*. All America bought Snow White pins, Snow White dresses, Snow White ice-cream sundaes, Dopey brooches, Dopey dolls and hats.

Next appeared *Pinocchio*, and after that *The Sorcerer's Apprentice*, starring—Mickey. But Walt still wasn't satisfied. Even *The Reluctant Dragon*, a beautiful bit of satire featuring Robert Benchley in a tour of the Disney studios in Hollywood, didn't content him. He wanted to do something bigger still. That "something" was *Fantasia*.

"I never liked this high-brow music," Walt said a while ago. "It bored me. Honest, I just couldn't

listen to the stuff. But I can now. Now, it seems to mean a little more to me. Maybe *Fantasia* can do the same thing for other people."

The idea for *Fantasia* came to Walt and his boys as they listened to some of the world's "high-brow" music. "It began to make pictures in my head," Walt said, "and the boys listened, too, and they had ideas about it."

"I've got good men working for me," he continues. "The difficult thing is to get a good man with a sense of humor—if he hasn't a sense of humor he's apt to go 'arty' on you. If he *has* a sense of humor he'll give you a little gag when you need it, perhaps right in the middle of a dramatic scene, like the baby mushroom in the *Nutcracker Suite* of *Fantasia*. Remember?"

The *Nutcracker Suite* was Walt's particular headache. "Boy, did that cost us dough!" he exclaims. "Two-hundred thousand dollars, just for the *Nutcracker Suite*. To animate all those colors costs plenty."

*Fantasia* was a wow! Leopold Stokowski and Deems Taylor were enthusiastic. Engineers designed new equipment for it. Publicity made a name for it. Whether you liked it or not, you couldn't deny it was something new and different, and very beautiful.

Disney is a modest little man, who looks something like his Mickey Mouse. His eyes are bright and quick and his face is small and sharp, like Mickey's. It is Disney's voice that is Mickey's voice on the screen.

At the preview of *Fantasia*, Disney slid down in his seat and waited fearfully. "I've sat through this 20 times," he said, "and all I can see are the mistakes." But he needn't have worried; *Fantasia* made the grade.

*Dumbo* is Disney's latest. It's all about a baby elephant with blue eyes and big ears, for whom everything goes wrong. But his friend, Timothy Q. Mouse (Mickey with a Brooklyn accent), helps the dear, dumb, delightful, delicious Dumbo, and they live happily ever after.

Walt Disney, charmed by the land of the rumba and the ruffled sleeve, is focusing his universal magic on South American subjects in his next series of animated cartoons. The mouse, the duck, the dog and the bug of the familiar U.S.A.-inspired episodes will be replaced by characters dear to our Latin cousins: the owl, the parrot, the llama, perhaps even the two-toed sloth. These will be studiously authentic in their behavior and speech; they will caper to musical scores composed of rumbas, tangos and sambas. And they will probably do as much to cement Pan-American friendship as the glossy ambassadors who tote good-will portfolios across the Caribbean.

Dorothy Kilgallen in *Cosmopolitan* (Feb. '41).



# Be Fair to France

By JOHN ERSKINE

Condensed from *Collier's*\*

Why kick the fallen

**At the newsreel** not long ago, when American supplies were shown arriving in England, some of the audience cheered uproariously. A few minutes later, when a picture of France was shown, the same members of the audience hissed.

I don't know whether the applauders and hissers were Americans or visiting allies, but I'm glad to say there were many in the audience who didn't join in the insult to France, nor disclose the slightest wish to jump on her because she is down. Perhaps the thought occurred to us that if she had enjoyed a fraction of the aid which our government has given to England she wouldn't be down. On the other hand, if we had helped England no more than we helped France, England herself might now be in a bad way.

And if France and England hadn't stood in the way, Hitler could have done what he pleased with us, since we were the least prepared of all.

It's time something like this were said, in fairness to France. It's time we stopped speaking of the French defeat as "treachery." Treachery to whom? To England? Parliament assured us that the British air force was adequate, but it wasn't. To the

U.S.? Our Congress had appropriated over several years large sums for defense, but when defense was needed we had none. If treachery is the word for governmental incompetence and bad judgment, let's admit it can be found in our household, too.

Democracy in France has been an ideal of the poor, who through the centuries have suffered from repressive or predatory governments. In other countries also the common man has been cheated of his hopes, but in France he has always refused to give up the struggle. From the French soil have come an endless line of orators, poets, scholars, artists, liberals and would-be liberators, who inspire brave efforts elsewhere and advance the human cause. From some French farm or from some small French village a new leader will rise, and a new France will answer his call. We can say this in no rhetorical mood, but soberly, remembering what France is.

In these bitter times the famous motto of the Revolution, "liberty, fraternity, equality," sounds sardonic, yet no formula more accurately sums up those humane qualities of the French people. Liberty to the French is first of all freedom of thought, un-

\*250 Park Ave., New York City. Dec. 13, 1941.

hampered curiosity, unchecked logic. Since it is a privilege to which every individual is entitled, popular education in France includes some excellent training in the art of thinking. In most countries today a course in philosophy teaches what other men have thought; the French study philosophy in order to encourage some thoughts of their own. They don't all agree; there is no intellectual regimentation.

You can't get the notion out of a Frenchman's head that economic freedom is secured by producing wealth, and he is convinced that the soundest and most lasting wealth is the product of human labor on the soil. In other countries there is a love of the land, but in some cases a very different kind of love. The Frenchman is a farmer, not a hunter. He likes to make things grow, he likes harvests, he likes wheat fields and vineyards. When he can raise his own food and feed his family, he knows he is free.

In her present distress the censorship wraps France in silence, but even if the lid were off we should probably hear little complaint or appeal for sympathy, and certainly see no attempt to masquerade as the sole champion of civilization. France never was much of a sob sister, and her comic sense prevents her from posing as an uplifter, at least while she herself needs a lift. But we may

be sure that many a hot argument goes on in hungry kitchens, fixing the blame for the mess or planning how to get out of it.

Equality in France is a philosophical conviction rather than a benefit conferred by law. The individual is entitled to respect and, unless he insists on forfeiting it, it is his. France believes in no superior race; she approves of no nation that tries to dominate others, least of all when the domination is said to be for their good. The French people have had little control of their national policies, as you and I have little control of ours. Something happens to the character of those who are elected to office. Aristotle pointed out this peril in any form of government. Much power makes men mad.

France's way of dealing with governments that become irresponsible is to get up a revolution. One explanation of her surprising collapse may be that Hitler chose to attack just as the people were preparing to revolt. They were tired of racketeering in politics, in the labor unions, in the departments of national defense.

Fraternity is a very French word, and the Frenchman gives it a meaning which you understand completely only if you have lived in France. It is closely connected with the French ideal of good manners. Etiquette, the Frenchman believes, is a technique for getting where you want to go;

if your purpose in society is to be friendly and brotherly, as befits equals, you'll need a lot of technique.

The Frenchman knows how to put an idea clearly in words; no one can do it better. He also knows that every moment brings us sentiments, affections, admirations or judgments which should be expressed not in words but in manners.

The French farmer or workman has a richer technique for this complete expression of life than have most members of the upper classes in other lands. Without such an equipment in subtle manners, companionship is impossible. For this reason "fraternity" among us is only an abstract noun, but in France it is an atmosphere.

Of course, you can't acquire a high technique of good manners unless you understand human nature; you probably won't try to acquire it unless you feel that all men are your equals. Being a gentleman is easy, if to be a gentleman is merely to be a snob, reserving your graciousness for

other snobs who, having no range of sensitiveness, won't know whether you are gracious or not, and won't care so long as you are like them. Frenchmen have their faults but they are not snobs. They are trained to appreciate simple joys, which are available to poor and rich; whether rich or poor they are taught the same manners, which are their common language.

The qualities I have tried to describe are the qualities of the 42 millions in France and of the 2 million French captives in Germany, all in bondage. I rejoice that England, by comparison, has suffered little. I'm glad that our aid has saved England from suffering more. But I'm sorry when an occasional Englishman suggests that France, too, is not deserving of sympathy and aid.

With all respect for those British qualities which are excellent, I reject entirely the cruel and ignoble opinion that France in her agony deserves no more pity than Joan got at the Rouen stake.



### Melting Pot

A Pennsylvania worsted manufacturer decided recently to find out how many nationalities were represented in the production of American flags at his mill. He found the various operations were handled as follows: sorted by an American, carded by an Italian, spun by a Swede, warped by a German, drawn by a Scotsman, woven by a Belgian, inspected by a Frenchman, scoured by an Albanian, dyed by a Turk, pressed by a Pole, and examined by an Irishman.

*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

# The Nuns Aren't That Bad!

By SYLVIA M. KEELEY

Go and see

Condensed from *Our Lady of Perpetual Help*\*

**This is a** public apology for years of pigheadedness, ignorance and prejudice, all directed against the Catholic parochial schools.

I am a convert. For 18 years I wobbled back and forth undecided as to whether I'd be a Catholic or not. I was a living proof of the wisdom of the Church in disapproving of mixed marriages. My two oldest children were lukewarm Catholics and my three youngest were in a fair way to follow in my footsteps. After considerable thought about my family life I decided to forget *me*. I would try to forget that I was an intelligent woman, who accepted what she liked (and found easy) in the Catholic faith and discarded the rest as superfluous. I began to work hard at being a Catholic, and after a year of squelching the critical *me*, who was apt to pop up and ridicule the ritual and "trappings" of the Church, I at last found myself a Catholic in thought and action. Now, after three years, I am increasingly thankful for my Catholic faith.

Two years ago I entered my two girls in a parochial school, with fear and misgivings, I must admit. My two older children were through school but a third is to enter a Catho-

lic high school next year. I now realize that the parochial school system really needs no defense, nor any individual's approval. I now know that my bigotry and prejudice denied my oldest children the best in education. I am hoping that my experience may prompt some Catholic parents with a similar attitude to send their children to the Sisters' school, not merely from a sense of duty, but because they can thus secure the only education fitting for their children. To me it is appalling how many Catholics send their children to public schools.

Until I saw the light, I had never known a nun, nor had I been inside a parochial school. For years I had used all the standard clichés and arguments. As if I were one having first-hand knowledge, I discoursed wisely about the "poor equipment," "the segregation of a certain class," "the emphasis on religion and the neglect of other subjects." I had them all down pat! No child of mine would ever go to a Sisters' school! Never! But my children are starting their third year under the guidance of the Sisters. I now appreciate the fact that I am privileged to be able to send my children to a parochial school, to have my children taught

\**Mount St. Alphonsus, Esopus, N. Y. December, 1941.*

in a Catholic atmosphere by Catholic women who, by their calling, training, self-sacrifice and education, live the very precepts they teach. The "good manners" learned in the Sisters' school are rather the children's unconscious imitation of the Sisters. Such beautiful poise must have its source in their quiet life and in the service of our Lady and her divine Son.

Fun and laughter have their place in the classroom ruled by a nun, but never unkindness or coarseness. There is a religious atmosphere, but never gloom; discipline, but never cruelty.

I know one teaching Sister who tutored a girl during summer vacation so that the girl might go on with her class. The Sister's only pay was the love and gratitude of that child; and yet Sisters need their vacation. Their days are full, and their work does not end at 3:30 when the children leave school.

Another Sister who teaches 8th-grade girls sent for a freshman in high school. Sister had heard that the girl was unhappy, ready to leave school. Learning that the root of the trouble was Latin, Sister suggested, "Bring your Latin book to me. We will work together, find your trouble and straighten it out." This Sister's responsibility for her former pupil was over, but not her interest. The girl needed help and she got it.

Mary, a little 2nd-grader, had to

be kept back. "I want you to stay with me another year, Mary," the Sister told her, "because I want you to be my best reader next year." It was so tactfully and kindly done that neither the girl nor her classmates realized she was being "kept back." Lucky Mary, to stay behind and be Sister's best reader next year!

In the Catholic school there is a prayer to start the day and a prayer at the close of school. Love of God is taught through love of home, love of parents and love for one another. Just recently a national convention discussed whether religion should be dropped from public schools. Is it really religion: merely one or two verses from the Bible and a half-hearted recitation of the Lord's Prayer—and that left to the teacher's discretion?

Religion is the one thing we cannot afford to drop out of our children's school life. The Sisters teach it so well that religion soon becomes a part of the children's very life. The youngsters learn to go to church frequently, not to please Sister, but because God is there.

As for cruelty in the parochial classrooms, it seems ridiculous even to mention it, but I have heard some tall tales. Sisters are human beings, subject to fatigue and illness. Suppose our own children told outsiders some of the things we do and say at home when we are tired and worried. Our

"cruelty" would surpass that of any story that might come from a classroom. Of course, there is discipline in parochial schools, but there is never any cruelty.

Are Catholic schools expensive? The answer is "No." If you are in doubt, don't listen to Mrs. So-and-So, who will tell you that "the parochial school is no place for a poor child." Go directly to the Sister principal and ask her. As for the accusation that the Sisters are "constantly asking for money," a few pennies now and then for missionary work, etc., will hardly be missed. You give your children pennies for candy without a second thought. Moreover, the Sisters instruct the children not to ask their parents for money but rather to sacrifice candy or movie money occasionally. That

is the only kind of giving that counts: the kind that is built on sacrifice.

My seven-year-old daughter is taking piano lessons from a Sister. Sometimes the youngster neglects her practice. Her older sister, who also takes piano lessons, recently chided her, "Wait till Sister hears your piece; she will throw you right out the window!" The little one turned around from the piano and in a very positive tone said, "She will not! The Sisters aren't that bad!"

In concluding the story of my complete conversion to the parochial schools let me re-echo those words and assure you that whatever you may have heard about the parochial schools, "the Sisters aren't that bad."

Visit your parochial school and find out.



## Theater Party

In the town of Darwin an Arnhem tribesman named Jacala, serving a jail sentence for spearing a native chieftain, could see from his cell window the neon lights of a movie theater. When he was released, Jacala went back to his tribe, 400 miles away, still wondering about the movies.

Jacala persuaded 20 fellow tribesmen to return to Darwin. For 40 days they traveled, came at last to the movie theater with the neon sign, paid and entered. On a shiny screen, a white man was hugging and kissing a white woman. Jacala and friends, disgusted, stalked out, walked the 400 miles home again.

Darwin natives, constant moviegoers, could have told them of the standard native device for dealing with such pictures: natives obliterate kissing scenes by flashing electric torches at the screen.

*Time* (22 Dec. '41).



# Wartime Economics

Face facts, get on with the job

Condensed from the *Business Bulletin*\*

**We shall** make in these U.S. in 1942 all the ships and all the munitions that we can. Production for war will grow bigger and bigger, and as a result almost every other kind of business will grow smaller and smaller. There will be serious shortages of many materials: copper, zinc, tin, nickel, lead, alloy steels, and many others.

Those metals are ordinarily consumed in great quantities in the production of the things that Americans buy in prosperous times. They are used in the making of automobiles, refrigerators, radios, office appliances, agricultural implements and, especially, in the building of homes. In 1942 we are going to have a new and different kind of prosperity, because most of the things that Americans usually buy in prosperous times will not be available. Industrial workers will earn high wages, but their wives will find it difficult to do the family shopping.

Of course, one result of the combination of scarce goods and plentiful money is that prices will rise as the dollars bid for the goods. That process is already well under way, and it may be expected to continue throughout 1942. Wholesale prices have risen, the cost of living has advanced,

the cost of building has mounted, and wage rates have increased. All these trends will probably continue during 1942.

Despite the clear likelihood of such developments, we should not let ourselves suppose that any economic analysis will enable us to foresee the course and shape of coming business conditions for more than a few brief months ahead. The inescapable fact is that the future course of business in America will not be determined by the working out of normal economic forces. What is going to happen to American business will be determined by the outcome of battles that have not yet been fought on land, at sea, and in the air, in and around Europe, Asia, and Africa, and in the Pacific.

We live and work in an era completely dominated by war, and we look forward to a future that will be shaped, and conditioned, and determined, by the results of the wars that are now under way, and perhaps by those of still other wars that may grow out of them. The most important task ahead of us is to make sure that American business decides now the outcome of battles not yet fought. These are times in which battles and wars are won or lost by business

\*The Cleveland Trust Co., Cleveland, Ohio. Dec. 15, 1941.

many months before they are fought out by soldiers.

In our efforts to make all the ships and munitions that we can we are going to be restricted by three kinds of limitations, and varying combinations of them. One is manufacturing capacity, and that means for the most part shortages of machine tools. The second consists of shortages of skilled labor, and that can be gradually overcome by training new workers. The third consists of shortages of materials, and that is the most serious of them all.

It now seems probable that a business boom will be under way in this country throughout 1942. It will be a spotty boom, quite unlike peacetime prosperity. The very magnitude and urgency of our war effort will produce hardships and unemployment in the midst of boom and prosperity. We have been spending \$1½ billion a month for defense, and probably that rate will be doubled within a year. We are trying to buy days with dollars.

There are two chief reasons why we are not likely to experience any great increase in the volume of industrial production. The first is that we are already making all the iron and steel we can produce, and the capacity for making more cannot be rapidly enlarged. The second is that we have already rigidly limited the volume of our nondefense construction. New

buildings and their furnishings consume great quantities of industrial materials and manufactured products which do not require a great deal of steel. If we could have a building boom without interfering with the output of munitions, our production and employment volumes could mount a good deal higher than they probably will. That combination is impossible, and what we must do in 1942 is to expand our production of ships and munitions, while contracting our output of civilian goods.

When we admit that progress in our defense effort has not been satisfactory, we are merely making an admission that has been true universally throughout the course of history when nations have endeavored hastily to arm themselves. No army is ever fully equipped, and no armament effort ever makes satisfactory progress. The fact is that we are making rapid progress, and have attained substantial accomplishments.

We have a first-class navy, and we are adding to it, and to our merchant fleet, at rates that would have been considered quite impossible even one year ago. The selective-service men in our new forces have been so carefully selected that they almost certainly constitute the most intelligent, the most physically fit, and the most mechanically-minded army in the world.

We are now beginning to produce planes, tanks, and smokeless powder

at rates fully comparable with those attained by any foreign power. The quality of our newest arms is equal to the best in use in any other army, and in some instances, as in the case of the Garand rifle, we have the best weapons in existence. In general, our motorized equipment, from our tanks down to our smallest trucks and motorcycles, is better in quality than that of any other army.

There is another and very important item of progress that should be added to this list. That is the fact that in recent months the sinkings of British and neutral merchant ships have been much smaller than in the previous months of the war. Moreover, in recent months the launchings of new British and American merchant ships have been greater in tonnage than the aggregate sinkings. That change is of the first importance in forecasting the outcome of the battle of the Atlantic.

Most manufacturing firms, and many kinds of stores, will find their difficulties greatly increased in the coming months, as we attempt to double the volumes of munitions that we had previously planned to produce. Those which solve their problems successfully will largely do it by methods of self-rescue, for no one else is going to be able to do much for them.

During the next few months the new systems of allocations will largely

displace the present methods of priorities, and then manufacturing firms will be assigned quotas of the amounts of each scarce material that they will be allowed to use each month. When that happens the question will not be how much of each scarce material each firm can buy, but rather how much it will be allowed to use even if it already owns the materials.

The fundamental fact about these wars is that they are being waged to decide who is going to control business in the future, and how it is going to be done. Business has become essentially international. That is why we have sent American soldiers to protect the bauxite deposits of Dutch Guiana, and why American warships guard the sea lanes to the Orient over which come our supplies of tin and rubber. Trade that flows across all national frontiers is essential to the maintenance of an industrial economy. All the nations of the world are now inextricably bound together in one single world economy. Present battles are deciding how that economy will operate in future years.

There are two possible answers, and probably no feasible compromise between them. One answer is that the world economy may be operated under the domination of armed force imposed upon it. The other answer is that it may be operated through the peaceable cooperation of free nations, which must work out some form of

political union to deal with the invisible economic union that already exists. All our economic strength is now devoted to opposing the domination of armed force, and toward fos-

tering peaceable cooperation among free nations. Both economic freedom and political freedom are at stake throughout the world. That is what these wars are about.



## No Birthday Anniversary

It is just 25 years since Mrs. Margaret Sanger opened the first birth-control clinic in the U.S. and started the country along the road down which birth-controlling France was already tobogganing. Recently in New York City, in case you missed it, the silver jubilee of the conspiracy to end births while eliminating self-control found the triumphant BC'ers with 620 active BC centers in the U.S.

But they celebrated their triumphs in a scared sort of fashion. Reported *Time*: "Because of this success, the birth controllers have recharted their course, turned fertilitarian. Worried by the long-trend fall of the birth rate, they dropped their old cry of 'limited' families. Instead they urged U.S. parents to have as many babies as they can afford, to 'space' them two years apart. To show they meant it, last year they changed the name of their *Journal of Contraception*. Its new title: *Human Fertility*."

Now Mrs. Sanger has a real job on her hands. What a cinch it was to persuade parents to be selfish, to refuse the labor and anxiety of childbearing and raising, to close the doors in the face of life. And what a job she is going to have now, about-facing and asking her selfish followers to about-face. But if she is sincere, Hitler and Mussolini will feel they have lost their most powerful friend in America; they could rest easy as long as she was cutting off the birth of the nation at its very source. Why doesn't she go the full distance, apologize to the Catholic Church, which all the time warned her of the horrible danger she was creating to the whole future of the nation, and come back to the faith which she left?

From *Along the Way* (N.C.W.C.) by Daniel A. Lord, S.J. (19 Dec. '41).

# Beauty in the Street

Good-looking girls at work

By WILLIAM J. SMITH

Condensed from *America*\*

**The scene** is Franklin park in the national capital. The time is 7:30 on Saturday night; the occasion, a demonstration of street-corner speaking in conjunction with the national Convention of the Catholic Evidence Guilds of America.

A temporary speaker's stand is set up in the center of the small park. A small crucifix is attached to a pipelike piece of wood fixed to the stand. The chairman introduces the first speaker. The loiterers and passers-by slowly edge over and form a semicircle. A smartly-dressed, attractive, eager-faced young girl begins to speak on the "Resurrection of Christ from the Tomb."

Never on any stage, never anywhere, have I witnessed so dramatic, so catching a scene. The simplicity of it was startling; the solemnity, soul stirring. Just a young girl beside a small crucifix, silhouetted against the dark of the night broken only by the light of a street lamp near by; yet it was thrilling.

It was not the presentation of argument, which was clear and cleverly executed. It was not the manner in which the questions from the hecklers were handled. It was not the poise and personality of the speaker. There

was something over and above all that. There was an impression forming in my mind that towered above all the other thoughts that came racing into place—it was the realization of the *thing itself*.

Here was America: crime-ridden America, birth-control-broken America, divorce-divided America, pleasure-mad America, Christless America—here in the midst of 100 or more citizens of that America, men and women of every type and temperament, of all conditions, creeds and races, stands a slim, trim, alert Catholic girl. She is so modern that she could fit quite easily into a cigarette ad, so typical that you could find her counterpart on a hundred college campuses. Calm, confident, imperturbable she stands and defends the pivotal truth of all Catholic apologetics: the resurrection.

The effect is tremendous. The drama of it all is gripping. Not a bishop or a priest or a seminarian, but a youngster, out of college a few years, with a dab of rouge upon her cheeks and a touch of lipstick in her smile—an employee of a celebrated whisky firm, if you please—facing the world, taking on all comers, carrying the torch that Peter lighted, and holding it up with brave young hands

\*329 W. 108th St., New York City. Oct. 11, 1941.

before an audience, half of whom at least, know little or nothing of God. The vision of the Colosseum and the catacombs and Nero and Trajan and the tongueless virgins flit through my mind. I find myself muttering almost audibly, "If this scene is not a sermon in itself, I am a Christian Scientist." And I still say if that was not sound, sane, traditional Catholic propaganda in the best style of the Christians of old, I have been neglecting my homework.

Call it a departure from Catholic custom, tell me that a woman's place is in the home and the preacher's place should be reserved for the priest in the pulpit. Say what you will, my only answer is that of Christ to the disciples of John the Baptist: "The poor have the Gospel preached to them"—that portion of God's poor who know the Catholic Church only as some vague, mysterious power that "persecutes Protestants."

The first speaker finishes and a second young lady takes her place. At first she appears just a trifle ill at ease. The strain shows itself ever so little in her facial expression. A boy in uniform sidles up to a fellow soldier who has been listening attentively.

"What's it all about?" he asks.

"Some Catholic stuff," is the reply. "They call it Catholic Evidence."

Number two looks the speaker over. "She's 'tight,'" he comments cynically, "look at her."

"Naw, you're crazy," returned his friend.

Shades of St. Peter and Pentecost! "These men are full of new wines." The newcomer departs but the other remains.

Another young fellow in uniform comes over to where I am standing. "Is this the real Catholic Church?" he asks, and in answer to my affirmative reply, remarks, "Never heard nothing like this except when maybe I might go to church."

A little sidewalk interviewing seems to be in order. I saunter over to a thin, middle-aged man whom I had observed in a discussion with a fellow bench sitter a short time before.

"What do you think of it?" I asked.

"This is the best thing the Catholic Church has done in 15—in 50 years," came back the answer. "I used to be a Catholic, but I never learned much about my religion. People are reading today: we've got libraries and we've got questions. This gives me a chance to get mine answered."

On the outskirts of the crowd a "private" discussion has begun. I recognize three or four who had been heckling a previous speaker earlier in the evening. My friend "who used to be a Catholic" seems to be the center of the dispute. One of the hecklers, fat and aggressive, had been moving about the crowd a short time before, seemingly "stirring up the multitude." He made me think of the high priest



Caiphas. His questions, too, carried a fairly definite flavor of the "fallen-away" Catholic. Evidently, however, he was meeting objection of some kind from his own group carrying on their "private" controversy.

A third girl speaker, a young lady from the midwest with a Katharine Hepburn profile, presented, in an effective and pleasing manner, the requisites for a valid confession. She was the fifth speaker of the evening, but the crowd made not the slightest move to leave.

A sane conclusion from this little experience is this: the apostolate of the Catholic Evidence Guilds should be given every encouragement. I saw a crowd of 200 men and women stand for over two hours on two successive nights and listen to every speaker with rapt attention. I heard literally a flood of Catholic doctrine

expounded in an interesting, forceful way. As a matter of fact, I felt in my heart that these men and women were effecting an impression upon their hearers that I as a priest could not have done. I was on the alert to detect heresy, but found none. I have seen the effect, the spiritualizing effect, of the work upon the speakers themselves and I am conscious of the inspirational uplift I experienced in my brief association with them.

The conclusion to me is patent. Let these modern Ozanams of the street corner speak. Protect the Church and her doctrines, by all means, with a thorough training and sane supervision, but let no vain fear or a reactionary caution gag the voice of Catholic Action which goes out in the highways and byways to bring Christ and His words of eternal life to the multitudes.



## Chemist Catechist

By STEPHEN AYLWARD

Condensed from *America*\*

**You can bet** that I had a good time with that catechism class. It was just ripe for me, too. The Sister had had a pretty tough session with Baptism the week before, and now I had to "teach" them Matrimony. So I figured to combine the two. I went

over to the chemistry laboratory and struck up an acquaintance with a sophomore who responded enthusiastically to my suggestions. After considerable mixing and swiggling he gave me six test tubes, some full and some empty, which I carted away in

\*329 W. 108th St., New York City. Jan. 17, 1942.

a pipe rack, all concealed in a box. When I was introduced to the class I kept the contraption out of sight behind my back and cautiously placed it on the chair behind the teacher's desk.

I am sorry to have to cut all this down to bones, bare and stark, but here in outline is what happened.

"The soul is stained by original sin at birth, isn't it? We can't get rid of it ourselves. Only the waters of Baptism can wash that stain away, right? Right. Let's call this half-filled test tube here a soul; as you see, it is stained a deep blue. Now, what happens when I pour on that soul the waters of Baptism, this pure water that you see in the other test tube? Watch."

And did they watch! Well, sure enough, the soul, so blue with the stain of original sin, was made pure as crystal right before their very eyes when the (hydrochloric) waters of Baptism were poured on the poor soul (stained with a sinful solution of copper-nitrate and ammonium hydroxide).

Did they think *that* was wonderful! I did, too, as a matter of fact.

Now to hitch this Baptism with Matrimony, giving the three essential points of marriage: unity, indissolubility, and its central purpose of procreation.

"Baptithm," lisped the darling little pink-smocked coquette in the fourth

row, "Baptithm ith the thacrament which uniteth a Christian man and Christian woman. . . ." At this point she was corrected by the Sister in the rear of the room. It was decided that it was marriage that unites a Christian man and woman as husband and wife, and so forth. I carried on from there.

"But what makes them Christian?"

Nobody seemed very sure.

"Then what makes them Catholics?"

Hurrah! Baptism.

"Fine. Now here's a Christian man and a Christian woman" (holding up two test tubes half-filled with colorless liquid) "who, as you see, are both purified by Baptism, stained by original sin no longer. Our Lord said, repeating Adam's words, that 'they two shall become one flesh.' That is, their blood will be one in their children, in that union of marriage, and so on. Now what happens when they are married?"

I emptied one of the half-filled test tubes into the other and as the two fluids mixed, they became a strong red color before the popping eyes of the children.

"And that is what we mean by the oneness, or unity, of marriage."

We had agreed to call the bride Josephine and the groom Alexander. When I asked for ideas as to the last name, one not-so-dumb tot mumbled, "Mr. and Mrs. Grambel." Which did

not seem to make any sense to me.

"Louder, please."

"Grambell!"

After patient probing it developed that the name was Graham Bell: Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Graham Bell! How stupid I was.

"Well, what happens when Mr. and Mrs. Bell have children? Will their souls be stainless, because both daddy and mother have been baptized?"

After some hawing and hemming, a minor bloc in the third row decided that the babies would probably be blue. To prove it, I poured some of the red fluid into an apparently empty test tube: the red turned blue! Stained with original sin at birth. Well, maybe the next baby (a girl, by the way) would be different. No. Blue, too. So we must baptize them. I poured the waters of Baptism on the little Bells and they turned pure as mountain water. That brought in the central purpose of marriage, to have children, and then, the secondary purposes, to make them Catholics by baptism, and to educate them as such.

"You sitting right there are the best examples of it; all of you being educated in the Catholic faith in a Catholic school."

Finally, the third essential, indis-

solubility, which I called lastingness. I then asked for two volunteers, a boy and a girl. When they self-consciously slithered up to the desk, I cheered them with this and that, and got everybody laughing a bit to ease the little guinea pigs' tension.

Then I emphasized how, when people get married, it is for life, as God has commanded. I took the little girl's right hand and the little boy's left, hauled some twine out of my pocket, and tied them soundly together, wrist to wrist.

"Now watch, everybody: I'll give Jackie here, and Rose Mary, too, a whole minute to untie themselves from that knot which represents the bond of matrimony."

So for a minute they struggled heroically—I later discovered they were sweet poison to each other—but having only one hand apiece to do it, they did not get far with my *three* knots, which were no grannies, either.

"You see, what God has tied together we can't untie. It's only when death comes along, and one of them goes to heaven, that the knot is cut, like this": and with my jackknife I slit the knots, and they were free.

Well, the children liked it, the Sister liked it (surprisingly much), and I liked it. I think the Lord did, too.

Too many give, not in accordance with their means, but in accordance with their meanness.

*The Catholic Fireside* (19 Sept. '41).

# Dream Figures Almost Real

By W. L. SPEIGHT

Local habitations

Condensed from the *Rosary*\*

**Robin Hood** is supposed to have lived in Old England at a time when half the love poetry of that country was sung in honor of our blessed Lady. In fact, the rhymes of Robin Hood breathe out the full Catholic devotion of those times.

The conventional account is that Robin Hood was a claimant to the earldom of Huntingdon, a clever man who dressed his followers in doublets of green, in which it was difficult to distinguish them in the glades of Sherwood Forest. It is a significant fact that in all these legends the Church is always represented in the very human figure of Friar Tuck.

Although I have not heard of a statue being erected to the memory of Robin Hood, statues have been erected in remembrance of other dream figures who actually have very much less claim to have ever existed in the flesh. One of the more famous of such statues is that of Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens, London, erected in 1912, the work of Sir George Frampton. Perhaps a day may come when there will be people believing that Peter Pan once lived.

Dick Whittington is to many of us more a character out of a pantomime or a fairy tale than a person who

once lived, a reversal of the usual. Yet the Sir Richard Whittington who started the famous nursery tale once walked the earth. This Catholic son of a Gloucester knight became a prosperous London mercer and was thrice lord mayor of London. He died in 1423. The popular tales about him seem to date back only to 1605. His cat is immortalized in the curious relics in a Highgate inn, where there is one case containing the skeleton of the cat as a kitten and another case with the skeleton of the full grown cat!

Did William Tell ever shoot the apple off his son's head? Apparently not, if we want to get the truth of the matter. William Tell, it seems, was the personification of the folk-tale hero-archer of Swiss legend. According to a popular story, a ballad, and a chronicle probably written in 1470, Gessler, the duke of Austria's bailiff, ordered those who passed to salute the duke's hat in Altdorf. Tell refused to honor the custom, but he escaped execution by shooting the apple off his son's head. Although Tell never lived, a statue has been erected to his memory in a Swiss village, where he is to be seen clutching the bow with which he sped his second

\*141 E. 65th St., New York City. December, 1941.

arrow into the heart of the cruel bailiff.

Hermann is still a national figure among the Germans. Hermann, or Arminius, was a member of the tribe of Cherusei, which in A. D. 9 revolted against their Roman masters, and at the battle of Teutoburger Wald administered a crushing defeat to the Roman army of Varus. According to the legend, the Roman emperor, when told of the defeat, cried, "Give me back my legions!" This defeat, in which Varus was killed, ended the Roman hopes of extending their empire to the Baltic. It is a queer fact that some time after this battle Hermann served in the Roman army, and he was vanquished by Drusus, also known as Germanicus, in the last attempt of the Romans to establish colonies beyond the Rhine and the Danube. Thus although Hermann seems to have existed, the modern German accounts of his life smack much more of legend than of fact.

The Germans have also added to the immortality of Little Red Riding Hood and the big bad wolf, although that, it would seem, was sufficiently guaranteed by the books of fairy tales and the numerous modern screen cartoons from Hollywood. In Munich there is a statue of Little Red Riding Hood and the wolf, a tribute to two characters out of fiction who never existed outside human imagination.

King Arthur, with his knights of

the Round Table, was according to some a legendary character, and to others a man who played a big part in the early history of the British Isles by fighting the Saxons who swarmed into England after the departure of the Romans.

Some authorities have written that King Arthur led the Britons to victory in A.D. 500 at a place near the present site of Bath, where the West Saxons were prevented from making any further penetration to the west. But this important victory has also been credited to Aurelianus.

In Nennius' *History of the Britons*, written toward the end of the 8th century, we find the earliest references to King Arthur who, after leading the Britons on 12 separate occasions, was mortally wounded in A.D. 542, a date also given by that early Catholic, the bishop of St. Asaph, Geoffrey of Monmouth. And that 12th-century monk known as William of Malmesbury tells us that Arthur did not die and that one day he would return.

King Arthur's sarcophagus was supposed to have been discovered at Glastonbury in 1911, its leaden cross bearing the inscription: "Here lies Arthur, king of the Britons, buried in the isle of Avalon."

King Arthur probably did lead the Britons as history tells us, but a good deal of his story has been elevated to the realms of fantasy by the way in which Geoffrey of Monmouth dealt

with it. In Sir Thomas Malory and Tennyson we have King Arthur existing as a hero of romance, with little resemblance to the real man.

Santa Claus is probably the most real figure in the imaginations of children all over the Christian world. In view of this it is but right that a statue should be erected to his immortal memory, and this step was taken in the U.S. only a few years ago. In Santa Claus park in the town of Santa Claus, Ind., a four-ton statue over 22 feet high was erected on Dec. 15, 1935. At the base of this statue is the star of Bethlehem, pointing the way to the East, where Christmas began.

Among the Indian tribes of North America, Hiawatha was a personage of miraculous birth, sent to teach the Indians the arts of peace. In 1855 the poet Longfellow gathered together many of these legends and embodied them in his *Song of Hiawatha*. The story of this legendary Indian and

the lovely Minnehaha has become familiar to all readers of English poetry, and in 1911 a bronze statue was erected to his memory in Minneapolis.

The fairy tales of Hans Christian Andersen have never lost their fascination for children, and it is perhaps not to be wondered at that memorials have been erected to some of the figures who flitted through the pages of his book. Probably one of the most famous of all the people in the Andersen fairy tales was the Little Mermaid, a life-sized figure of which has been erected at a street corner in Copenhagen.

Puss in Boots has also been carved in stone; he stands in the Tuileries in Paris; and some little while ago there was talk of erecting a similar statue to Mother Goose in an American city. All this seems to indicate that it is not unlikely that as time goes on most of the better known fairy-tale characters will be commemorated for all time in enduring stone.



It was in an overcrowded restaurant of chaotic Bordeaux on the eve of the French surrender that I realized with full intensity what had befallen the European intelligentsia. My neighbor at the table was a young Belgian official. We began to talk and he spoke with great pathos of the Latin civilization that was perishing, interlarding his conversation with Latin and Greek quotations from Cicero and Seneca, Plato and Homer. When I told him that capitulation was imminent he started up with an exclamation:

"I must get away immediately! Perhaps in Spain or Portugal I can catch a boat for the Belgian Congo. There I can lead a civilized life again."

The Belgian Congo, the heart of the Dark Continent—the last refuge of a cultivated European! Here was indeed an elegy for European civilization.

From *The World's Iron Age* by William Henry Chamberlin (Macmillan, 1941).



# Religion in the Navy

Sea-track to God

By R. PATRICK SINNOTT

Condensed from *Our Sunday Visitor*\*

In the American navy it has been traditional that no matter what a man's creed is, he shall be allowed full religious freedom. My company commander at the training station impressed this further on me when he said, "If you were a Mohammedan and had to pray six times a day in Mohammedan fashion, the navy would clear a space on the deck for you and furnish a prayer mat." I have found this to be true, not in the sense of providing a prayer mat, but in having a boat provided for Catholic Church parties from ships without a Catholic chaplain, to take them to another ship or ashore to attend Mass. Even if there is but one man who wants to go to church, the navy will see that transportation is provided for him.

As long as I have been in the service I have never had my faith ridiculed, nor have I witnessed any bigotry in words or actions towards any religion. Can one say as much of civilian life?

The Ku Klux Klan endeavored to start their organization in the fleet at one time. Their representatives got as far as the gangway of a battleship. I think the captain and the chaplain (an Episcopalian from Boston) looked

the other way when a very Irish bo's'un escorted the Kluxers off the gangway, as nothing was said about the splashes heard.

Figuratively speaking, a ship in a crowded port has to go slowly, sometimes swerving to avoid smaller craft, other times backing down to get out of the way of larger ships; but as soon as the ship gets to open waters it is clear sailing. Of course, there are the rules of the road at sea to observe. The navy may be likened to the open sea for the individual: it is plain, clear sailing, you are the skipper of your ship of life, if you break the rules you pay the price. It is not the navy that wrecks the sailor; it is the sailor who puts himself on the rocks.

During my first enlistment, 1932 to 1936, I asked Catholic chaplains if they thought men in the service were better Catholics than those in civilian life. They all answered, "Yes."

From 1936 to 1940 I was in civilian life, and from observation I found out that the chaplains were right. As lay director of the Catholic Youth Organization in Oregon, and an active member of several Catholic societies in Portland, I participated in monthly Communion. Usually the majority of the members would attend; but of

\*Huntington, Ind. Dec. 7, 1941.

this number, younger men were far in the minority. In my parish, at Sunday Mass, very few of these men went to Communion.

In the navy, weekly Communion is the accepted procedure. On vessels where daily Mass is celebrated, daily Communion is common for the Catholic members of the crew.

Of course, one may contend that life in the service being somewhat unnatural, with no home restraints, and temptations on every hand, it is only natural that steps be taken to bolster the sailor's spiritual life. Or one may say that following the sea is hazardous, and so one is more on the alert to be prepared for death's call; but this can hardly be true, as, during peacetime, mortality is lower in the navy than in civilian life, and during war, bombs are just as readily dropped on a civilian population as on a warship.

There is another reason why the

Catholic sailor is often a better Catholic than his civilian brother. The Catholic sailor is closer to his God and religion because: how can one look on the majesty of the seas, the stars, the ever-changing wonders of the skies, or know the thrill of a storm, or the peace of a calm at sea, without feeling the presence of Him who has made and who controls all these wonders? How much closer is a man's faith brought to him at sea when, pacing the deck, he says his Rosary under the star-studded heavenly cape of Mary; when, looking out at the immensity of the ocean, he compares his insignificant self to the seas, yet knows that above all this, God's love for him is greater than a million oceans.

Life in the navy offers an opportunity to really lift oneself spiritually. It is not an easy life, but the cross can be made sweet and the burden glorious.



## Beginnings...XXXII...

### THE PHILIPPINES

*First Priests:* Seven missionaries accompanying Magellan, March 17, 1521, on the islet of Homonhon.

*First Mass:* On the island of Limasawa, on Easter Sunday, March 31, 1521.

*First Baptisms:* Of over 800 Cebuans, by missionaries with Magellan.

James T. Hurley in the *Shield* (Jan. '42).

# Testament

By a German Soldier

Condensed from a letter\*

No Nazi, he

**Dear Mother:** When Hans brings you this letter your own Sepp will be no more. I am lying in a hospital badly shot up, and know that my agony will perhaps be over in a few hours. This, my farewell letter, will be safe from the "Blacks" [the S.S.] for I can trust Hans!

Mother, you will remember our parting when I was mobilized in August, 1939. You were standing in the garden with Liesl, to whom I am writing also. You both knew only too well how frightfully hard it was for me to have to go. It was not fear or cowardice. As you know, it was my fervent wish to become an officer like father. How we boys glowed with enthusiasm when you read to us the letter from the colonel of the —th telling how father fell at the head of his company in a counterattack at Datzeele in 1917! How we admired father's Iron Cross, 1st and 2nd class, and his other decorations!

But you know also why I abandoned my plan to become an officer. It was shortly after the *Machtergreifung* [accession of the Nazi party to power] when the Hitler Youth, the *Sturm-Abteilung* (S.A.) and S.S. raided our lovely Catholic Youth hostel, breaking up everything, maltreat-

ing us and setting the place on fire. The following day the *Oberpräsident* declared that he approved unreservedly the action of the Hitler Youth, S.A. and S.S., and hailed the coming of the new era.

It was then that I first said to myself, "I cannot and will not be an officer of a leader who builds his domain on violence and injustice." I made my firm decision: "Never shall I serve as an officer of Antichrist."

The Brown Shirts have deliberately worked for a new world war in order to crush Christianity throughout the world. The war against Poland was not just a war; it was a wrong crying aloud to heaven for vengeance.

When I left you and Liesl, mother, I promised I would never kill an opposing soldier and I have kept my word! I have always fired so as to avoid hitting anyone.

Mother, you know your Sepp is no coward. I have always been in the foremost rank of every attack. In front of Warsaw our 2nd Company was cut off and the colonel was afraid that they would be surrounded by the Poles and wiped out, so I volunteered to go through the withering machine-gun fire of the brave Poles to warn the company.

\*To his mother, in the Catholic Herald, 67 Fleet St., London, E.C. 4, England. Nov. 7, 1941.

After the battle the colonel pinned the Iron Cross, 2nd class, on my tunic while my cheeks burned with shame. It seemed to me that my soul was being branded with a sign of shame. The Iron Cross, which I had always admired, a cross, the sign of Christ's victory, and on it the shameful emblem of the Antichrist, the swastika!

Since the French collapse we have had many moves and finally have been sent here to Serbia. On our wanderings we have seen only too much of the fearful misdeeds of our "Blacks," the torturing and martyrizing of the conquered peoples and the fanatical hatred with which the S.S. fight everywhere against everything

Catholic and Christian. All this confirmed me in my resolve never to kill an opponent. Seldom in the whole history of the world can there have been a more unjust war than this one, and I think killing an opponent in such a war would be murder.

In a few hours now, I shall be permitted to complete my sacrifice and I have seldom been so peaceful and happy in my life. Do not weep too much over me, mother. You have always taught us that it is right to die for Christ. Comfort my poor Liesl and help her to bear it as the will of God. Stand by her and help her to bring up Peterkin in the same spirit as you did us, dear mother.



## The North American Way

By NUNNALLY JOHNSON

I love you untruly

Condensed from *Parade*\*

**Judging from** the news from South America, we'd all be a lot better off if Hollywood could be induced to give up its current romance with Argentina.

As a matter of fact, I've been as nervous as a witch ever since our industry turned its attention south. Trusting Hollywood to make friends with a foreign people is generally like giving Junior a loaded revolver. And

I certainly couldn't see how it was going to help matters when it was first announced that cinematic tributes to our hitherto friendly neighbors were going to star the Ritz brothers. Somehow that had a nasty smell of sabotage.

What followed, according to *Variety*, hasn't been much better. One picture flashed Carmen Miranda as an Argentine and she turned out to

\*405 Lexington Ave., New York City. Dec. 7, 1941.

be Brazilian. In another, all of the Argentine characters turned out to be dopes, dupes, or crooks. What kind of a way is that of making friends? So now they're protesting.

But that's the way it always happens with Hollywood. They embrace new passions with the terrifying innocence of Lennie after a mouse. Something's got to give somewhere. A few years ago Hollywood took up the Southern Confederacy. Warnings were very futile.

Gene Fowler read one of the first of the blue-and-gray scripts.

"Do you think it will offend the South?" the producer asked him anxiously.

"Yes," Mr. Fowler replied with his admirable candor, "and the North, too."

So we might as well face it that we are going to have trouble with South America. The pictures already released are only the first wave. Hollywood this very minute is storing up a heavy reserve: gourds filled with dry seeds, castanets, little sticks to hit against each other, and those fluffy bed jackets that all the rumba bands wear.

I hate to be gloomy about it, but there's nothing to be gained by refusing to face facts. It's only a question of time, I feel certain, before we're going to make such an overwhelmingly friendly picture about a South American country that it will thank

us by bombing the Panama Canal. We just won't be able to help it. We'll dive into the picture with the happiest purposes on earth, but we'll be dealing with a new and strange point of view, to wit, the Latin cast as a hero.

To us in Hollywood, Latins have been heavies since time began. That's a set pattern and we understand it. Two and two are four, and Gilbert Roland is a villain. How can we think of his winning the girl? Gilbert Roland has never won a girl in a movie in his life. He's leered at them, he's trapped them in caves; he's even kissed them, fighting like wildcats. But won one he has not.

That's where we're going to trip. The despicable German secret agent, played by Sig Rumann, we'll be able to handle with ease. The proud old grandee ought not to be too difficult, either, unless it turns out that they don't have grandees in this particular country. There'll be a little trouble with Conchita, perhaps, because she's a brunette, but the tough one is going to be that Roland character, that clinch for him at the fadeout of the picture.

One of these days a writer or director is going to reach this point in the story and go crazy. With every standard of movie writing gone, he is going to come out with something calculated to insult every human being in Brazil.

# Chemistry of the Gas Mask

By JOHN E. SHEA, JR.

Science undoes its work

Condensed from the *Hormone*\*

**The first** German gas attack of the first World War had its harmfulness not alone in the deadliness of the gas itself, but in the wave of fearful propaganda with which the Germans flooded the Allied people. The attack reaped results not only in casualties but in morale. It found the Allies unprepared in medical treatment, means of rapid identification of the poisonous gas, and in methods of counteracting its effects.

An example of the terror aroused by such propaganda of a new and terrible gas to be unleashed occurred right at the front. Violent rumors filtered into Allied territory through various sources concerning the results of breathing this gas about to be used. Reportedly, it would produce instantaneous death to all within 100 yards of it, and the victims would be powerless to help themselves. In some places, British soldiers were so well "prepared" by this propaganda that they themselves spread terrifying rumors along the front, when, in reality, crying and vomiting were the only effects that the gas had on those within a few yards of the shells. Each time the Germans came out with a new gas, a new wave of propaganda swept Allied territory.

In answer to an appeal of Lord Kitchener, the women of England and France sent a sufficient number of masks to the front within a few days of the first attack. Such masks as they sent were quite inadequate, consisting merely of a pad of cotton wool, impregnated with chemicals, to be held over the mouth. The first improvement of any sort was the innovation of the gas helmet by Captain Macpherson. It was called the "hypo helmet" and consisted of a flannel hood, impregnated, as were the cotton-wool pads, and a celluloid eyepiece.

The tube helmet was then introduced with a mouthpiece added to take care of the exhaled air. The efficiency of these helmets was then greatly improved by the addition of hexamine, and they became known as P.H. helmets. All in all, throughout the war, more than 25 million such helmets were issued, withdrawn, improved, and reissued. Over and above these 25 million helmets were those in which further improvements were made. The use of goggles was introduced into the P.H., creating the P.H.G. helmet, in order to combat tear gas.

The most important innovation in

\*Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass. November, 1941.



masks was introduced in Germany when the mask was made with a cartridge or canister. The Allies were quick to see the advantages of such a mask, and it is the standard type we have today. The facial part is made of a rubberized fabric which the gas cannot penetrate; and the air breathed is filtered through a cartridge connected to the mask by a flexible snout covered with the same impermeable material as the mask. In Feb., 1916, the large "box respirator" was issued; and in August of the same year, a smaller and more practical one was introduced.

The cartridge, canister or box through which the poisonous air is filtered is constructed so as to remove the poisonous matter from the air either by filtration, absorption, adsorption, or chemical reaction. Layers of chemicals, cotton pads and activated charcoal are contained therein, according to the gases which are commonly used.

Activated charcoal is used in nearly all types of masks, and has been used since the innovation of the cartridge type. It is employed to counteract all organic vapors and is effective to a very high degree. Inasmuch as its adsorptive ability is directly proportional to its surface, methods have been devised to prepare charcoal with as great a surface as possible.

Although there are many chemicals and absorbents which will remove

poisonous gases from the air, not all these can be used in a gas mask, because of the efficiency required. First of all, the absorbent has to have a very high rate of absorption in order to be of any use at all.

These absorbents must also have a large capacity. That is, they must be capable of absorbing and holding large amounts of gas per cubic unit. Because of the necessity of conserving every cubic inch and every ounce of weight in a soldier's or miner's equipment, the largest capacity must be obtained from the smallest possible weight of absorbent. The absorbent must also hold the absorbent gas firmly for a long period of time. This is because of the difficulties involved in continually supplying so many soldiers with new canisters. Hence, many absorbents are ruled out which seem to absorb high concentrations of gases completely, but then do not hold them with sufficient tenacity.

Because of the impracticability of having more than one type of canister filling, a single filling must be capable of giving protection against practically any kind of toxic gas. Fortunately, this is made possible by the fact that nearly all highly toxic gases are either very reactive chemically or can be absorbed in large amounts of charcoal. Also, the canisters must be durable and capable of standing extremely rough handling and jolting. Hence, the absorbent must be mechanically

strong to retain its structure and porosity.

The absorbents must also be chemically stable to a high degree. They must have no tendency to deteriorate, to react with themselves or with each other. They should not be easily contaminated by carbon dioxide, that is, they should not absorb it in large quantities and should never contain hygroscopic, efflorescent, or easily oxidized material. They must be capable of withstanding many gas attacks.

One of the most important factors to be considered is the ability of the men to breathe freely and deeply. In order to meet this requirement, the granules of the absorbent should be of relatively large size. On the other hand, in order to obtain a high degree of activity, it is necessary to present the largest possible surface to the gas, that is, a finely granulated absorbent. Hence a balanced size must be determined. A large cross-sectional area of relatively fine granules is most effective. It was also found that where two absorbents, such as charcoal and soda lime, are used together, they are more effective when mixed, rather than kept in separate layers.

To obtain the longest and most

efficient use from a gas mask, great care should be taken in the treatment given it when not in use. Due to the fact that these masks are made mostly of rubberized fabric, the life of a mask is limited by the deterioration of rubber. A record should always be kept of the last inspection of the mask and the remaining life of the canister. Then the next user will know the time, concentration and nature of the gas against which this particular mask will protect him. Great care should be exercised in the packing of such masks, to prevent cracking, and the absorbents should be kept out of the air as much as possible. In this way, a canister which has never been used should last about a year; but if the contents are exposed to air constantly, they will deteriorate rapidly, especially if they contain soda lime or caustic soda.

The gas mask may play an important part in the life of any one of us. As science advances and improves the gas mask, the lives of many people are insured and their conduct is controlled in time of attack. The threat of gas poisoning is a terrifying one, and science, which created that threat, struggles to counteract it.



The last time the U.S. declared war, the day was Good Friday. This time, it was the feast of the Immaculate Conception, the patronal feast of the nation.

Matthew Smith in the *Register* (14 Dec. '41).

# Tomb in Alaska

By BARRETT WILLOUGHBY

Condensed from a book\*

Place of embarkation

**On Spruce** Island stands the only shrine in Alaska, the log tomb of the famous Russian ascetic and monk, Father Herman. He came to Kodiak in 1794 with the first priests sent over from Siberia. He lived alone in a cave on the island, his bed a board, his pillow a stone. He further disciplined himself by wearing about his body a 15-pound iron chain, which may be seen today in the Church of the Resurrection at Kodiak. He established the first school on the northwest coast of America, and taught his native pupils how to grow vegetables. He also fed the wild foxes, marmots and huge Kodiak bears, which lived harmoniously about his cave and school like a family of kittens. When he died, at the age of 81, every wild creature left the island, never to return.

For a century Father Herman's tomb has been revered alike by natives and whites. Sailors passing on ships today look toward it, peaceful and gray under the spruce trees, and pray to the saintly man for deliverance from shipwreck. And all the residents of the district like to tell stories about the old monk. I remember best those told me by one Nick Lazaroff, a jolly, devil-may-care

Russian sailor who came from the Black sea over 50 years ago.

Nick, I admit, is the most unwittingly irreverent man I ever knew; but somehow, his irreverence never offends, because it has its foundation in what Catholic theologians term "invincible ignorance." He began by telling me he was once assistant to a noted ethnologist who came to search Spruce Island for ancient masks and bones and other Aleutian relics. Commissioned to get a container for the findings, Nick produced a box in which a coffin had been shipped from the States.

"Wen I haf the junk of the professor packed in the box," related Nick, his mischievous old eyes twinkling, "he asks it that I take the box to Kodiak in my launch and put it aboard the southbound steamer. Py golly, wen I get there, the whole town they comes down to look at me. They is always suspicious of me.

"'Wot haf you sold to the professor that he puts it in such coffin box?' they ask it of me.

"I say, 'For 30 pieces of silver I have sold to the professor the body of Father Herman.'

"Ha! Ha! They belief me. They lock me in jail and keep me there

\*Alaska Holiday. 1940. Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass. 296 pp. \$3.

while the priest and a committee they go all the way to Spruce Island to see if I am lying. Ha! Ha! Wot a beeg joke it is on them!"

Then, seriously, Nick told me how Father Herman had miraculously stilled storms and stopped tidal waves from destroying villages in the vicinity. He was careful to add, "Of course—me, I don't belief in nothing. I'm atheist. But people here, they belief. They always keep a light burning on the grave of Father Herman—always for 100 years now. On the name day of him, they come from all over, meeting at Kodiak. Then we all go to make visit with him—wot you call picnic. In canoes, launches, rowboats we go, with the boat of the priest at the head. Everyone is singing. Py golly, it sounds fine. The water seems always calm and the sun always shines on Father Herman's name day.

"We make landing on the beach by the tomb. We make campfires under the trees. The women spread lunches and make tea with the samovars. We have guitars and make music and sing Russian songs. Not

only songs of the Church, but every kind of gay song, too. Father Herman was a fine singer. He loved music. It is for remembrance of him that we sing."

Nick went on to tell how the festivities lasted until the calm, western sea was red with sunset. Then men, women and children knelt in the grass about the tomb, while the priest and his acolytes, robed in fine vestments, intoned a beautiful ritual of the Russian Church.

"Me," he repeated, "I don't belief in nothing, but there by Father Herman—sometimes I don't know. It is of such loveliness there. The robes on the priest they is shining. The incense it is floating up. The choir they is singing old Slavonic words, holy words, so sweet the sea don't make no noise wen it rolls in, and the gulls don't cry, and the trees they all stand still, listening.

"Me, I'm atheist, all right. But, py golly, wen I kneel there on the shore by Father Herman I think, I think maybe so there *is* a home port waiting for old Nick Lazaroff wen he kicks the bucket."



I would let a boy at first read *any* book which happens to engage his attention; because you have done a great deal, when you have brought him to have entertainment from a book. He'll get better books afterwards.

Johnson to Boswell.

# Translation and the "Fields of Scripture"

Living till the crack of doom

By JULIAN GREEN

Condensed from the *American Scholar*\*

Like a great many American children I was brought up on the King James version. My mother read it to us and she read it well, not in ministerial tones but reverently and yet naturally. She handed me the book as it had been handed to her. She taught me to love it, and that love has endured; but when I was about 16 I discovered two other versions which I read with unequal pleasure. One was a French version, the other was the Vulgate.

The French version was very learned, with explanatory notes at the bottom of each page. At first I did not care for it very much. It seemed to me that this was not the Bible, but I could not exactly understand why. What I considered so beautiful in the English version sounded a little flat in French and, I hesitate to use the word, a little dull. I was puzzled and disappointed.

From the Vulgate I received a very different impression. To begin with, owing to my ignorance and ingenuousness, I thought that, Latin being older than either English or French, the Vulgate must of necessity be nearer to the original. Quite apart from that, I was awed by the magnificence of the language as well as

by the venerable age of the translation. This, I said to myself, is the Bible the Church was reading when England was still peopled with illiterate half-savages who could barely express anything like a thought. Each sentence seemed bathed in incense. The most familiar and simplest phrases of the English Bible appeared here clothed in a majesty the like of which I had never dreamed. It was a real joy to read the Prophets in this superb language which, as it were, had "caught their shrieks in cups of gold." I did not dare entertain the thought that this book was not the Bible; indeed, I might rather have been tempted to believe that it was *the* Bible, to the exclusion of any other version. At any rate it was not, in my mind, the same book as the King James version; it belonged to a different world and seemed permeated with a different spirit.

I found myself in the position of a man who is presented with several portraits, allegedly portraits of the same person, and who cannot see a satisfactory likeness between them. I took it for granted that these portraits, so different in style and in spirit, were portraits of the same person because I had been told that they

\*12 E. 44th St., New York City. Winter, 1941-42.

were and I had no means of investigating the matter. But I was not content with what I had been told though it did not yet enter my mind to controvert any part of this teaching. I assented unwillingly.

As years went by I familiarized myself sufficiently with the German language to read Luther's version with some appreciation of its literary beauty. A new aspect of the old problem confronted me here. In many respects I found this version very similar in spirit to the King James. This was natural enough, I suppose, although I grant that my methods were anything but scientific. I must add that, in speaking of the likeness of a translation to the original, I am referring for the present moment only to a similarity in spirit or, if you prefer, to a similarity in the impressions conveyed by the two books.

However, on examining certain parts of these two translations I discovered something which struck me as rather peculiar: they did not always exactly agree. For example, the fourth verse in the well-known 23d Psalm [22nd in Douay version] reads in English, as you remember, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil." Whereas in German we have, "*Und ob ich schon wanderte im finstern Tal, fürchte ich kein Unglück.*" Where was the shadow of death? Feeling a little mystified, I opened

the Vulgate and read, "*Nam et si ambulavero in medio umbrae mortis, non timebo mala.*" What had become of the valley? The German version kept the valley and did away with the shadow of death. St. Jerome gave us the shadow of death but deprived us of the valley. The English gave us both, and for that matter so did the French, but why didn't the Latin and the German?

In 1919 I attended the University of Virginia. It was there, at a bookstore, that I had my first glance at a Hebrew Bible, which I immediately bought with a grammar to accompany it. I could not get back to my room fast enough to start on the alphabet but my troubles began then and there. I had to ask a Jewish student how to pronounce the consonants and he hinted broadly that since I wasn't a Jew I could never do this successfully. When he revealed to me that I should have to master no less than seven conjugations I was appalled. I suggested that he read me the very first verse in Genesis. He did, with infinite solemnity. It seemed to come from the beginning of creation; now soft, now raucous, the strange syllables carried one back through almost unthinkable space-time, back and back through the centuries to the days when man first addressed himself to the Almighty, using, I fancied then, these very sounds to express his thought.



The very antiquity of Hebrew had something dreadful about it. So did the grammar. I had somewhat taken heart when I heard my Jewish friend read the opening words of Genesis, but my enthusiasm waned considerably when, upon being left alone, I opened the Hebrew grammar and came up against the rules of accentuation. Very soon I closed the book and put it away with the Hebrew Bible in an honorable place, on the top shelf of my bookcase.

My interest in Hebrew revived suddenly 10 years later after much time spent in floundering among contradictory versions of the Bible. But now I was determined to arrive at some kind of result. So I consulted a friend of mine at the Collège de France (I was then living in Paris). He advised me to ask a rabbi to teach me Hebrew, adding that rabbis were the only people who really knew that language.

It was not very difficult to find a rabbi in Paris in 1935. I doubt that mine knew anything but the Old Testament, but that he knew from cover to cover, by heart and in the original tongue. This knowledge I envied him more than words can express. He produced a typewritten grammar of his own which I immediately proceeded to learn by heart, and on the second day we plunged forthwith into the first chapter of Isaiah. This too I learned by heart.

Page after page of the Bible was committed to memory in true Oriental fashion. Never had I made such an effort in my whole life but I was amply repaid. After many months of obstinate work I acquired a slight knowledge of Hebrew, and thus I was able to catch a glimpse of the face I had known heretofore only through the medium of portraits.

Now at last I could walk through what the *Imitation of Christ* so beautifully calls the fields of Scripture, *prata Scripturarum*, nor did I any longer have to depend on a translator to find my way about; I ventured to run away from my guide, for a few steps at first, then for long rambles during which I more than once fell into ditches or got lost in what commentators call *loci desperati*, but I knew enough to realize that I was wandering in a land the beauty of which I had only faintly suspected; it was one of the oldest countries in the world, but to me it seemed as new as though the weary armies of translators had never set foot in it. The 23d Psalm was not simply a series of fair-sounding words to be chanted in a church; it was an oasis like those I had seen on the skirts of the African desert, with the shade of date palms darkening the waters of rest. And when the wind arose, as it so often does in the Old Testament, it was not simply "an horrible tempest"; it was something sinister

that screeched and howled through those guttural Hebrew consonants. When David raged against his enemies he did not do so in the exalted style of an English divine of the 17th century; he was more like a wild-eyed desert chief, with rasping sounds coming from his throat, and frantic gesticulation.

All this, of course, was only a first impression, but it was a very powerful one. I sensed what it was that translators cannot translate, try as they may, learned and sincere though they be; however diligently they may compare the result of their efforts with the original, the Hebraic quality of the book cannot pass from one language into another; to be sure, the spirit is there—Israel knew how to speak to the whole world—but something is lost which can be retrieved only by going back to the source.

It was an exciting experience, this working my way back to the original of a book I had always so deeply admired, but I was imperfectly equipped for the task; my knowledge of Hebrew was, and is still, very scanty, and I can never hope to acquire the feeling for that language that a man of Jewish blood might possess. Nevertheless, it taught me much about the difficulties of translating.

In Hebrew, as in all languages, there are words and phrases that cannot possibly be translated literally because they would lose much of

their meaning in the process. For example, one does not say in Hebrew that a man is 40 or 50; one says that he is the son of 40 or 50 years. From a philosophical point of view I am sure this goes very far. In the same way, a person guilty of a capital crime is called the son of death. The translators of the English Bible, when confronted with expressions such as these, did their best to render them into English as literally as possible. They were so penetrated with the value of each word in the Scriptures that they preferred to run the risk of making English wear Hebrew garments, as it were, rather than force the language of the Scriptures to dress up as English, lest English betray the spirit of the original.

Some languages offer a better medium than others to the translator of the Hebrew Scriptures. French cannot be considered very propitious because French, like Latin—and French, as Remy de Gourmont said, is Latin (*"du latin continué"*)—tends towards the abstract; English, I suppose, will undergo the same process in time, but in English as we know it a more primitive element, almost lacking in French, has been preserved. French could never furnish us with such an emotionally disturbing word as *doom*; it would say "final judgment," with a direct appeal to the intellect. *Jugement dernier* makes me think, whereas *crack of doom* makes me feel like

running for shelter under a mountain. And there lies the difference.

In preference to the more intellectual beauty of Latinistic words the barbaric beauty of many Anglo-Saxon words is invaluable to the translator of the Bible. There is also a rhythm in the English language that is akin to the rhythm of Hebrew poetry—that rhythm which has so felicitously been compared with “the rapid stroke as of alternate wings, the heaving and sinking of the troubled heart.”

It would therefore seem desirable that the translator of the Bible con-

sider himself the slave of the Book, repeating, if possible, word for word what his master tells him. Every ten years or so, or oftener, new versions of the Bible are produced in one language or the other. This is a sign of the enormous vitality of the Book and of the difficulties that confront its interpreters. Translations become old-fashioned and it sometimes happens that the very language in which they are written ages and dies. But Scripture remains ever young, ever fresh, with a perpetual challenge to the art of translating.



Every day Myrtle Pickering lifts her small, clasped hands to pray for the safety of the President of the U.S.

When the Catholic children of Buffalo, N. Y., began a crusade of prayer for the nation's soldiers and sailors, Myrtle was selected by lot to pray for the Commander in Chief. Myrtle is an orphan, eight years old. She says a prayer for Mr. Roosevelt every day, at least once a week attends Mass and receives Holy Communion for his protection. When Sisters of the German Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum, where she lives, told her about it, Myrtle recognized her responsibility right away. She sat down, wrote to Mr. Roosevelt:

“I am very happy I drew your name. I think you would like to be a sailor because I heard that you were a leader of sailors in the last big war. The other boys and girls are asking their soldiers and sailors to pray with them. I know you are very busy, but will you say the prayer that I am putting in my letter? Our country needs you very much. I will pray that our blessed Mother takes care of you. I am eight years old and I can pray very hard. Good-by, Mr. President, my brave sailor. With love.”

*Time* (5 Jan. '42).

# Ways of Providence

By FATHER DEVALLE

The soul from out the shadow

Condensed from the *Claver Almanac*\*

The car rattled its way along the red ribbon-like road into Nyeri across vast plains, unbroken save by some rare tuft of green, undisturbed save here and there by a wandering zebra that had broken away from the herd. The sun was setting. Suddenly, not far in front of the car, a dark cloud rose into the air with a great rustling of wings. Ravens! The terrible ravens of the East African desert, large as eagles, fierce and voracious as lions.

Something was lying there on the ground. We stopped the car. The thing was a human body, or rather a mass of torn, bleeding flesh that stained with red the earth upon which it lay, the body of a young man. Suddenly I perceived a slight movement in that mangled form. I touched an outstretched hand which was still warm, and was startled to hear a groan. He was not dead, then.

I tried to speak to him, to get some information. He understood and with great difficulty spoke. He was returning to his village from a distant place where he had been working, when, overcome by fatigue and illness, he sank down upon this spot and was attacked by the ravens. What could I do? I had nothing with which to give first aid and, in any

case, I knew it was quite useless.

I spoke to him of God, of another life more beautiful than this, and of the means of securing it. He gave signs of approval. It only remained for me to baptize him. But where could I find water in this arid plain where ran no river and where rain seldom fell? I remembered there was a reserve for the car. Alas! The container was empty, but I managed to get a cupful out of the radiator. I poured it on the tortured forehead and the Holy Spirit descended upon the mangled body.

Meanwhile the sun had sunk behind the distant line of hills and the scene had swiftly changed. The plain was veiled in shadow and bore the semblance of a vast cemetery. The ravens that had been dispersed for a brief space now returned and flew over our heads with raucous cries, to reclaim their prey.

But a few moments more and the soul had passed from that tortured frame. A last blessing, a last prayer for eternal rest for this soul to whom divine providence had sent us, and we climbed into the car and sped off into the night.

The ravens with their mournful cries came back to their feast.

\*Sodality of St. Peter Claver, 3624 W. Pine Blvd., St. Louis, Mo. 1942.

# Religion and Politics

By CHRISTOPHER DAWSON

Condensed from a book\*

If one compares the religion of today with the religion of a century ago, he cannot fail to notice a remarkable change of social attitude shown by the increasing preoccupation of religious minds with economic and political problems. In the last century religion was generally regarded as a private matter for the individual conscience. It was concerned with the salvation of men's souls and not with their economic relations or their social or political ideals. Today most people feel that religion must affect social life: that it is not enough to feel religious or even to be religious in private life so long as social and economic life as a whole is based on nonreligious principles. In short, we feel that the province of Christianity is not a part of life but the whole, and that what we need is a Christian civilization.

Now the social complacency of Victorian religion was largely due to the fact that men believed that their civilization *was* in its broad lines a Christian one. Even so unworldly a man as Dean Church, perhaps the best representative of 19th-century Anglicanism, accepted this as a fundamental principle. "It seems impossible," he writes, "to conceive three things more

opposite at first sight to the Sermon on the Mount than war, law and trade; yet Christian society has long since made up its mind about them, and we all accept them as among the necessities of human society. Christ has sanctified and in many ways transformed that society which is only for this time and life. While calling and guiding souls one by one to the Father, He has made His gracious influence felt where it could least be expected. Even war and riches, even the Babel life of our great cities, even the high places of ambition and earthly honor have been touched by His Spirit, have found how to be Christian."

But we do not feel like this any longer. The war and the revolutionary challenge of communism have killed this point of view. There is a general feeling today that the Victorian compromise was wrong: that war is unchristian, that business is unchristian and that even the state is to a great extent unchristian also. We have lost both the optimism of the Victorian liberals and the old conservative acceptance of the state and the social hierarchy as a God-given order. We find it much easier to understand the attitude of the early Church with its uncompromising hos-

\*Religion and the Modern State. 1940. Sheed & Ward, New York City. 154 pp. \$2.

tility to the world and to the power of Mammon.

The whole Christian tradition, and the prophetic tradition which lies behind it, are a standing protest against the injustice and the falsehood of that which is commonly called civilization. The world which is the natural enemy of the Church is not a moral abstraction; it is an historical reality which finds its embodiment in the empires and world cities of history: in Babylon and Tyre and Rome. Wherever the city of man sets itself up as an end in itself and becomes the center of a self-contained and self-regarding order, it becomes the natural enemy of the city of God.

The Roman empire was anti-Christian not so much because of its official worship of Jupiter and Mars and the rest, but because it made its own power and greatness the supreme law and the only measure of its social action. Judged from this point of view, modern civilization is no less contrary to Christian principles than was that of antiquity. We have abolished idolatry and slavery, as well as some of the grosser forms of public immorality, but the essential idolatry, the worship of material power and wealth, is as strong as ever.

Never before in the history of the world has a civilization been so completely secularized, so confident in its own powers and so sufficient to itself as is our own. The crude and aggres-

sive atheism of the Soviet state is but the logical culmination of a tendency that has characterized the general development of European civilization for the last century and a half. Indeed we may well ask if the toleration which is still shown to Christianity by the states of western Europe is not due to the fact that religion is regarded by them as something politically negligible. If this be so, it is really more insulting to Christianity than the open hostility of the atheistic bolsheviks.

We have to face the prospect of a growing pressure on all individual thought and behavior making for the complete secularization of social life. The state will be less tolerant of criticism and of differences of opinion insofar as they affect any social conduct. It aspires more and more to govern the life of the individual, to mold his thought by education and propaganda, and to make him the obedient instrument of its will. The old individualist ideal of the state as a policeman whose business it is to clear the field for individual initiative is a thing of the past. The state of the future will be not a policeman, but a nurse, and a schoolmaster and an employer and an officer; in short, an earthly providence, an all-powerful, omnipotent human god, and a very jealous god at that. We see one form of this ideal in Russia and another in Germany. It may be that we



shall see yet a third in England and America.

It is not likely that the western democracies will ever become either communist or fascist. But I think it is very probable that they will follow a parallel line of development and evolve a kind of democratic *stateism* which, while being less arbitrary and inhumane than the other two forms of government, will make just as large a claim on the life of the individual as they do, and will demand an equally wholehearted spiritual allegiance. We can already discern the beginnings of this paternal-democratic regime in England and can see how all the apparatus of the social services, universal secondary education, birth-control clinics, prenatal clinics, welfare centers and the rest, may become instruments of a collective despotism which destroys human liberty and spiritual initiative as effectively as any communist or nazi terrorism.

What should be the attitude of Christians towards this situation? Can we hope to reverse the present tendency of western society and restore a Christian civilization? Or must we withdraw from the world and resign ourselves to a subterranean persecuted existence like the early Christians?

This is a serious dilemma, for it is much easier to state the objections to either course than to find a solution. The history of our civilization is so bound up with Christian traditions

and ideals that it seems wrong to acquiesce in the victory of secularism without a struggle. Yet, on the other hand, any attempt to associate Christianity with a definite program of political or economic reform is fraught with difficulties and dangers. Modern secularism is not a single united force; it appears in the modern world under three separate forms which are not only different from one another but mutually antagonistic. Consequently it is no use attacking one of them, if the defeat of one merely leads to the victory of another.

Religious people are not always very clear-sighted in political matters and nothing is easier for them than to mistake the real danger and to waste their time attacking that form of secularism which happens to be the most unpopular in their own society, and consequently the least likely to succeed, while they close their eyes to the real source of danger. And thus we find Christian nationalists, like the *Deutsche Christen*, attacking Marxism as the embodiment of anti-Christian secularism, while they appear to be entirely oblivious of the dangers to spiritual freedom and to Christian moral ideals involved in the nazi cult of the racial state. And in the same way we find Christian socialists in England who are determined to destroy militarism and capitalism and nationalism as the enemies of the kingdom of God, but who do not

realize that socialism itself is capable of becoming just as dangerous to spiritual freedom. It is easy for us to denounce the unchristian behavior of the nazis, because we have no temptation to behave as they do. Nobody supposes that the Y. M. C. A. is likely to start hunting down pacifists or to try beating up Lord Melchett or Mr. Lansbury. Our temptations are more subtle, but no less real. It may be harder to resist a totalitarian state which relies on free milk and birth-control clinics than one which relies on castor oil and concentration camps. The latter offends all our humanitarian instincts and traditions; the former appeals to those very instincts and allies itself with the movement for social reform which is so intimately connected with modern English religion.

There is a real danger that English religion, at least English Protestantism, may allow itself to be identified with an enthusiasm for social justice and reform which is hardly distinguishable from the creed of secular humanitarianism. In the past, Protestantism failed by its excessive and exclusive other-worldliness which turned its eyes away altogether from social injustice. And now by a natural reaction it has gone to the other extreme and tends to become exclusively this-worldly. Social reform, social credit, and socialism pure and simple, are treated not merely as the indispens-

able preparation for the kingdom of God, but as the kingdom of God itself. We find masses of well-meaning people, who have never even begun to think, announcing their intention of never ceasing from mental strife till they have built Jerusalem on the green and pleasant earth. We must, however, recognize that this determination to build Jerusalem, at once and on the spot, is the very force which is responsible for the intolerance and violence of the new political order. There are, it is true, quite a number of different Jerusalems: there is the Muscovite Jerusalem which has no Temple; there is Herr Hitler's Jerusalem which has no Jews; and there is the Jerusalem of the social reformers which is all suburbs; but none of these is Blake's Jerusalem, still less that city which the apostle saw "descending out of heaven like a bride adorned for her husband." All these New Jerusalems are earthly cities established by the will and power of man. And if we believe that the kingdom of heaven can be established by political or economic measures, that it can be an earthly state, then we can hardly object to the claims of such a state to embrace the whole of life and to demand the total submission of the individual will and conscience.

No one can dispute the genuine value of the practical aims which social reformers set before themselves: the destruction of slums, the abolition

# CATHOLIC PRESS MONTH

## WHAT WE WILL DO

[See Over For What You  
Should Do]

No. 1 contribution to the press last year was the appearance of the CATHOLIC DIGEST edition in Braille, given free to the blind, —their first regularly published Catholic magazine.

No. 1 achievement was when the circulation of the CATHOLIC DIGEST went over a hundred thousand.

No. 1 contribution is our announcement that this year, as last, we shall give a one-year's subscription to the CATHOLIC DIGEST to every Catholic High School in the U. S.

This subscription is to be given to the graduating student who has done the best writing during his or her high-school course.

This offer is limited strictly to schools in the U. S.

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This is our encouragement to young writers. Writing is not easy nor are its material rewards great. But the Church needs a ring of flashing pen points to stand guard about her sanctuary.

Let high-school principals take this as their formal notification of the gift subscription.

# CATHOLIC PRESS MONTH

## What You Should Do

[See Over For What We  
Will Do]

Rules for Action for  
Press Month

1. *Don't be ashamed of your press.* True, it could be better, but what could not? It is so good that it does not at all deserve any shame.

2. *Do something about getting things spread about.* For example, see that there are Catholic magazines in your public library. And don't donate them. See that the library subscribes. It will, if enough persons want them.

3. *Talk about your press* (especially about your Digest). Magazines gain immensely by

word - of - mouth advertising. More frequently begin conversations with, "The CATHOLIC DIGEST had an article on . . ." than with, "Mrs. Soanso told me confidentially . . ."

4. Sit down and *send us a list* of friends, many or few, whom you think might subscribe to the CATHOLIC DIGEST, if they knew about it. We shall send them a sample copy, and we won't mention your name unless you say to.

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# **READ WHAT OTHERS SAY ABOUT THE CATHOLIC DIGEST**

I have just recently returned from the jungles of Venezuela where the sole companion with whom I felt spiritual affinity was your little magazine. I cannot begin to tell you how much it meant to me to find it regularly in the camp mailbox.

PETER E. LONG.

He was drafted in May and was home on his first furlough this week; he asked to have the CATHOLIC DIGEST sent to him each month. He feels it will do a lot of good because recreation is so limited, also money. Reading matter is vitally important to the soldiers and he said that his copy of the CATHOLIC DIGEST will be worn out from making the rounds of the tents.

MARIE CONNOLLY.

Your splendid magazine reaches my desk each month. It is earning for itself a fine name for the first-rate articles it carries. A much-needed publication, and one that should be read by every Catholic desiring a good survey of the best in Catholic literature.

JOHN STEPHEN GILCHRIST, *Secretary,*  
Bureau of Information,  
National Catholic Welfare Conference.

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of poverty, and war, secondary education for all, higher pay for shorter hours, and so forth. Nevertheless, all these aims may be realized and yet civilization may be none the more Christian. They could be realized just as completely in a purely secular order which entirely rejects every kind of religion.

It is the great danger of social idealism that it tends to confuse religious and political categories. The theologian says that it is better that the world should perish than that a single creature should commit a single mortal sin, and in the same way the social idealist feels that it is better for the state to perish than for a single child to be brought up in squalor and ignorance. But whereas no theologian has ever attempted to destroy the world, there have been plenty of social idealists who have done their best to destroy the state. And if they succeed they find perfection is as far away as ever. The great art of the statesman is to recognize his limitations and to prefer the modest harvest of laborious practical reform to the golden fruit of the idealist's imagination.

The true Christian realizes the present social evils even more than the secular idealist, and that is why he does not believe that any political or economic program will be enough to put things right. Humanity labors under a burden of inherited evil which it is powerless of itself to throw off.

In St. John's terrific phrase, "The whole world lies in the power of the evil one." By this he means not the material world, in the Manichaean sense, nor the temporal order of the state, as some of the more extreme Christian sects have held, but the world of man apart from God, the world of the human animal, the accumulated result of the forces of lust and fear and pride and self-interest that drive mankind down the bloody road of history. It is true that this is not the whole life of humanity; man is a reasonable being, with a sense of spiritual things and a certain power of free choice. He can renounce the world, like Buddha, by a supreme act of spiritual will and turn his face away from the tragedy of human existence, towards the silence of eternity; or, if he is lucky, he can fence off a piece of ground from the wilderness and cultivate a garden of art or literature or science, or he can devote his powers to the service of society as a statesman or a soldier and bring order out of chaos.

What he cannot do is to change human life in its essentials; to check what St. Augustine calls the torrent of human custom, or to change the city of man into the city of God. That is the illusion of the idealists, and it is a dangerous illusion because it gives a quasi-religious character to forces that in themselves are neither ideal nor spiritual. For example, national

feeling or the economic interests of a particular class are of themselves formidable, but if they are raised to the spiritual plane and, as it were, deified by the social idealism of nationalism or communism, they become monstrous idols which demand human sacrifices on a scale which far surpasses anything to be found in West Africa or ancient Mexico.

From the Catholic point of view there is a fundamental error in all this. That error is the ignoring of original sin and its consequences, or rather the identification of the fall with some defective political or economic arrangement. If they could destroy, they say, the capitalist system or the power of the bankers or that of the Jews, everything in the garden would be lovely.

But as Leo XIII points out in *Rerum Novarum*, all these hopes are built on an illusion, for they ignore the primal curse under which humanity has labored: "'Cursed is the earth in thy work; with labor and toil thou shalt eat thereof all the days of thy life.' In like manner, the other pains and hardships of life will have no cessation on earth; for the consequences of sin are bitter and hard to bear, and they must accompany man as long as life lasts. To suffer and endure, therefore, is the lot of humanity; let them strive as they may, no strength and no artifice will ever succeed in banishing from human life

the ills and troubles which beset it. If there are any who pretend differently—who hold out to a hard-pressed people the boon of freedom from pain and trouble, an undisturbed repose and constant enjoyment—they delude and impose upon the people, and their lying promises will only one day bring forth evils worse than the present. Nothing is more useful than to look upon the world as it really is and at the same time to look elsewhere for a solace for its troubles."

No doubt it will be said that we have changed all this. Science and machinery have at last destroyed the ancient curse and made possible an age of plenty, which we could all enjoy if only the capitalists or the bankers would let us. Unfortunately it is not quite as simple as all that, for science and machinery can serve the cause of death as well as of life, and whereas the vital possibilities of science are limited by the nature of life itself, its lethal possibilities are practically unlimited. We see that in the machine gun, that grim symbol of the age of plenty which has made a thousand bullets fly where one flew before.

The application of science and machinery to life may make living easier, but it is equally possible that it may destroy life altogether by sterilizing and controlling it in the fashion that Mr. Aldous Huxley describes so convincingly. The great problem of the present age is not to be found in the

defects in our social and economic machinery, but rather in the increasing pressure that this complicated mechanism exerts on the life of the individual, and much of the unrest of the time is due to the revolt of life against this unnatural pressure. We see this not only in art and literature, but also in the cult of violence that is so marked a feature of the new politics. This is the explanation of the German reaction against the abstract rationalism of liberalism in favor of a racial mysticism. It is an attempt to vitalize the state by making it the organ of deeper nonrational forces.

It is, however, useless to look to the state for help, for the state is not concerned with life but with the ordering of life, and it will always be on the side of law and order, of organization and control. The real ally of life and the only true source of spiritual power is to be found in religion. All genuine forms of religious experience and religious action, repentance, asceticism, sacrifice, prayer, contemplation, ecstasy, are vital actions and experiences. They are a turning away from external, centrifugal, nonvital activity to the heart of life and the source of spiritual power. This is the case with primitive religion, which is essentially a cult of the forces of life in nature and man, and a consecration of the work by which men live to the divine powers that rule the world. But it is even still more the case with Christianity, which

transcends the sphere of nature and brings human life into immediate communion with the divine Source of supernatural life.

When Christianity came it did not attempt to reform the world in the sense of the social idealist. It did not try to destroy the Roman empire, or to abolish slavery. It simply brought a new principle of life to the human race. As Robert Wilberforce, one of the ablest, if the least remembered, of the converts of the Oxford Movement puts it: "It was as when the seeds of plants, which have lain dormant during the cold of winter, are quickened into life by the warmth of spring. For the long winter of heathenism had passed away; the Sun of Righteousness had arisen; it was the springtime of the new creation. Just as plants, then, at this season, have a power of assimilating to themselves the inert materials of the earth, and of molding them into organic shapes, so had a Spirit gone forth among the nations, which was everywhere displaying itself in the forms of social life. In nothing was the effect of this Spirit more remarkable, than in the manner in which It united many wills into a sacred unity, and absorbed all other ties in the fellowship of the Church. The martyr Sanctus withstood his torturers so manfully that he would neither tell his name nor his nation, nor of what city he was, nor whether bond or free, but to every question

he replied, 'I am a Christian.' This stood in place of name and city and race. And this forgetfulness of all other ties was accompanied by that intense attachment to those with whom their new relationship connected them, which attracted the attention even of the heathen."

Wilberforce goes on to point out that the new life found organic expression in a new society: "The Church was not a mere democratic confederacy, having its principle of union in the consent of mankind; but it was the infusing into the world of a supernatural life. The Church did not derive its existence from the consent or necessities of mankind, but from the incarnation of the Son of God."

Now this society is the only kingdom of God on earth that we have

any right to look for; and it is only in our membership in this society that we shall find an answer to the claims of the totalitarian state. For if the state has become too totalitarian, that is because the average Christian has not been totalitarian enough. He has acquiesced in the secularization of life, he has allowed his own aims to be divided and his religion to become a sectarian affair, cut off from his real interests and from his real life. The attempt on the part of the new states to unify life and to tolerate no division of allegiance ought to lead Catholics to unify life in the power of the spirit and to tolerate no division in their allegiance to Christ the King. No doubt this will involve conflict, but conflict is not a bad thing: it is the condition of life.



### Christopher Dawson

Christopher Dawson, who entered the Church in 1914, was born in England in 1889. His education was encompassed at Winchester and Oxford. Already at Oxford he had begun to make a special study of the relations of religion, sociology and culture, and in this field lies his life work. His thesis is best set out in *Progress and Religion*. He plans a group of five books covering world history: *The Age of the Gods*, *The Rise of the World Religions*, *The Making of Europe*, *The Breakdown of European Unity* and *The Modern World* of which four volumes have already been published. Dawson writes with a gentle reasonableness quite disarming to those accustomed to having their history served up with a spice of malice or special pleading. His finely analytical mind strips from history all its surface glitter, giving to the reader the firm core of fact without which the understanding of history is unable to grow to any degree of competence. He is scholarly but not dull.

# Faster and Faster

The mountain comes to Mohammed

By JOHN C. HANLEY

Condensed from the *Preservation of the Faith*\*

When a pupil of St. Margaret's parochial school wanted to say he was abstaining from candy during Lent he said, "I'm fasting on candy during Lent." Recently I spoke of this startling colloquialism to a friend. He said it was obvious that the expression *fasting on* was merely a corruption of *fastening on*.

Of course, there were some fasters at St. Margaret's who became fasteners before the first Sunday in Lent. Some made the transition while the ashes were still on their foreheads on Ash Wednesday. There were some who never fasted on Sundays. There were also certain specialists who entered and stayed in the ranks of the fasters on technicalities: banishing pleasures that exercised for them no fascination whatever, they generally turned up with resolutions to fast on reading, bicycling, or roller skating. The part-time stoics and the charlatans were in the minority. The resolves of the rest were in the proper spirit: they were determined to abstain from candy at least during every day of Lent.

I remember the day Charles Baxter announced that he wasn't going to eat a thing all during Lent, not even a crust of bread. Instead of go-

ing home for lunch at noon he intended to stay in the schoolyard and play marbles. We were in the 4th grade then, I think, and Baxter's announcement struck us as the most stupendous thing we had ever heard uttered. For at least 48 hours Baxter was undisputed king of the schoolyard. He would be king yet, I imagine, if he hadn't taken his mother into his confidence. She spoiled everything; told Baxter he would do nothing of the sort; insisted that he eat three meals a day like the rest of us.

Baxter's surrender was complete. All during Lent he shuffled around the schoolyard at recess stuffing caramels into his mouth with an air calculated to express a masochistic delight at torturing himself in obedience to his mother's harsh command. For at least a week he contrived to make the rest of us feel sorry for him whenever we saw him unwrap a stick of candy and eye it mournfully before he popped it into his mouth.

Charles Baxter may have been only a seven-day wonder, but Julia Leary was a perpetual object of awe and admiration. In the 5th grade, Julia, besides giving up movies for Lent, fasted on ice cream, candy, cake, pie, chewing gum, ginger ale, vanilla and

\*Holy Trinity Heights, Silver Spring, Md. April, 1941.

chocolate soda, and pickles. We all thought of Julia as practicing perfection in a heroic degree. The resolution itself was breath-taking enough. What astonished us as the days went by was the realization that Julia was actually keeping her fast. We were convinced that by Palm Sunday she would have been wafted from our midst. I was certain that when she was it would merely be a matter of months before Julia was canonized.

A week or two before Palm Sunday I saw her in Brady's drugstore. Having decided three days before that cough drops were not candy in the strict sense of the word, I went into Brady's to buy a package. When I turned away from the counter I saw Julia at the soda fountain. Instantaneously, I had a sense of being betrayed. Julia was breaking her fast. We had all marveled at her strength of will, and, I realized then, we had all taken a vicarious pride in it. Now here she was, letting us all down.

I suppose I must have stood there staring at her, for she finally saw my reflection in the mirror behind the fountain, and turned to say hello. I noticed then for the first time that though the girl with her was drinking a chocolate soda the space in front of Julia was conspicuously bare. When I said hello to her I tried to sneak a note of apology into my voice for my unjust suspicion. At the same time my wonder at Julia's unprece-

dented will power mounted. I remember she was watching me as though I were behaving queerly, so I asked her how her brother was.

"He's still got a bad cold," Julia said. "He'll have to stay home the rest of the week."

I don't know why, but before I knew it I was holding out the box of cough drops to Julia.

"Give him these," I said. "They'll help his cold, probably."

If Julia was a girl all of us could admire but few could understand. George Morse was a boy no one had any trouble understanding. George may have had admirers, too; Sister Agnita, however, was definitely not one of them. George gave up nothing for Lent. As he put it, "I'm not fasting on anything."

Outside of his love of truth George had only one interest in life that any of us was aware of—chocolate bars. The zone around his desk was always fragrant with the warm smell of chocolate. Breaking up the bar, he would palm the squares, then transfer them to his mouth with a skill baffling even the suspicious eye of Sister Agnita.

Sister Agnita had only an indirect way of knowing George and Julia were at opposite poles. Though indirect, her knowledge was none the less reliable. On the corner of her desk was a small salmon-colored box for contributions to the foreign mis-



sions. Sister's interest in the missions was always high, especially in Lent. She would urge us to forego some trifling pleasure to place occasional pennies in the box. Naturally, no one made as many contributions as Julia Leary, but nevertheless there was always a little line at Sister's desk every morning waiting to put pennies in the box. I think the only one who didn't join the line was George Morse. During Lent he continued to support the missions by making the same contribution he had always made: tinfoil.

"I couldn't keep a fast on candy ten minutes," George used to say. Those of us who gave the matter a thought felt that George was probably right. Too fat to play games with the rest of us, his only pleasure was to eat. In his case we were inclined to hold that certain dispensations should apply. Sister Agnita, however, did not share our liberal views. Sometimes, in speaking of Lent as a season for sacrifice, she seemed to be directing her words straight at George.

I remember Sister's last Lenten talk on the missions better than I do any of the others. Usually she would remind us that the children in China were without proper food and lodging. Sometimes she would say they hadn't enough school books, hadn't even enough schools. (The effect of this particular point was to make most

of us envy the children we were being asked to pity.) But in this last talk Sister said nothing about books or schools. She did not mention food or lodging. Instead she told us how the Chinese children knew nothing of the simple pleasures we took for granted. They had to do without sweets entirely, she said; candy, for example, they rarely, if ever, tasted. How thoughtful it would be, she went on, if by a slight sacrifice on our part we made it possible for a few of the Chinese children to enjoy a bite of candy on Easter Sunday.

It was on Monday of Holy Week that Sister made her little plea. It affected most of us profoundly. The idea of a candyless existence was more immediately horrifying than an existence threatened by famine and flood. So, I suppose none of us was surprised at the lines that formed in front of the contribution box every morning. Possibly the only one missing was George Morse. But that, I think, was not a source of surprise. What was surprising was that he brought in no tinfoil.

On Wednesday morning, the last school day before Easter, George was the first in line. He dropped nothing in the box. He produced no tinfoil. Instead he handed a bag to Sister Agnita. "For the foreign missions, Sister," he said.

He stood there at the desk and the rest of us watched while Sister opened

the bag. She reached in her hand and brought out three candy bars. Even from where I sat in the fourth row I could distinguish the Monday bar from the Wednesday bar. It was limp and a trifle soggy. Some of the chocolate came off on Sister's hand while she was holding it. Her hand seemed to have gone rigid, she held it out so long, and her eyes kept widening as she stared at the three bars in her hand. Finally she looked at George. She said nothing, but her lips moved peculiarly so that you couldn't tell whether she was about to laugh or cry. She seemed to be trying to do both. George stared at her in bewilderment. Then he said

in a voice that sounded a bit frightened, "You said the other day they never get any candy, Sister."

"That's true, George," she said (we could hardly hear her), "and I know this candy is going to make someone very, very happy."

That was all she said. By Easter all of us had forgotten about George's spectacular offering to the missions. Probably some of us never thought of it again. I did. I thought of it the day Sister Agnita picked the boy and girl to carry the banners in the Holy Childhood procession on Trinity Sunday. The girl she picked was Julia Leary. George Morse was the boy.



### *Explosive Beauty*

The cosmetic preparations which go into the manufacture of synthetic charm are expensive. But it now appears they are also explosive. A long war predicted by experts will lead to a shortage of glamor. Meanwhile, girls, read this list and beware:

Chlorine and bromine, used in the manufacture of lipstick, make poison gas.

Brass tubes for lipstick are now going to make cartridge shells.

Sodium and potassium, used for permanent-wave solutions, are now being commandeered for gunpowder.

The dye that makes nails so very red is being used for high explosives.

Peroxide, used for bleaching blondes, is now becoming rare.

Nail polishes consist primarily of nitrocellulose, a very useful ingredient of many explosives.

Dyes which produce a wide range of shades are now used for camouflage paint for tanks and trucks.

The Cross (July '41).

# Inside Japan

By JAMES R. YOUNG

Condensed from a book\*

Before Pearl Harbor

**Resuming** everyday life in Tokyo after two months in jail, I was able to see with sharper, clearer perspective what the army fanatics had actually done to Japan and the Japanese people.

War with China had cut an eighth of an inch from Japanese matches. Wood was a war material and had to be conserved.

Oranges cost a dollar each, American lemons more—if you could get them—as the armies of the Rising Sun sat in their own shadows in China. There was no catsup worthy of the name available at any price. Eggs, potatoes, butter, were scarce.

Permanent waves had been forbidden the westernized women of Japan. They were “not in the spiritual trend of the times.” Lipstick and rouge were frowned upon. Japanese love for odorous hair tonics was curtailed to conserve cash.

I sold my car to a diplomat in the Turkish embassy. To me it was useless. Automobile owners were no longer allotted their single gallon of gasoline a day. Pleasure riding was discouraged, and 70 million Japanese maintained only 90,000 private cars, taxis and trucks.

The few resident foreigners suf-

fered privation along with the Japanese. We were forbidden to import any of 260 items, including canned foods, preserves, whisky and sports goods. None, foreign or native, was allowed more than two golf balls and two tennis balls a season—if they were obtainable. A golf ball cost \$2.

Tobacco shipped into the country was charged duty as high as 450%. You smoked native cigarettes costing 3c a pack and not worth it. I quit smoking. Steel phonograph needles—and everyone who possibly can raise the cash has a phonograph—were banned for bamboo needles.

Public dances in hotels had been prohibited. The American Negro and Hawaiian bands, formerly immensely popular, had been ordered out of the country. In Tokyo, a city of 6,250,000, the taxi-dance halls were closed. Patrons, before the dance ban, were urged to go home to “meditate on the war.”

The 18 government-operated radio stations offered mostly military music. There were lectures throughout the day by army and navy officials, patriotic addresses, and talks urging conservation of resources. The stations went off the air at 9:15 P.M. with a closing injunction to listeners to join

\*Behind the Rising Sun. 1941. Doubleday, Doran & Co., New York City. 334 pp. \$3.

the Spiritual Mobilization of the People's Mind, or assist the Imperial Rule Assistance Association.

Radio speeches attacked the Chinese, Americans and British. They were charged with being "warlike and aggressive." Army men cited the "provocation" by which the Chinese and other powers forced Japan to "defend" herself.

One thing was certain. The land of the cherry blossoms was no longer a tourist mecca. Its tourist trade of \$7 to \$10 million annually had almost vanished. Travelers feared and resented the constant surveillance of the secret police. They did not like being shadowed by obvious sleuths wherever they moved.

Resident foreigners had resigned themselves to spying by either ignoring it or attempting to make the spies' work easier so they would be less troublesome. A friend of mine had four employees he knew were spies. Accepting the espionage, my friend made it a point to let the spies know where he was going, whom he saw and what he did.

One of my favorite spies was Mr. Fuji. He was five feet, two. Mount Fuji is about 15,000 feet. But Mr. Fuji's serenity and power were as great. We dubbed him Mr. Mountain when speaking in the house or office or when we knew he was behind the screen, a favorite lurking spot.

On one occasion the spying proved to be to my advantage. My automobile license number was given as that of a car involved in an accident. Weeks after the accident I was summoned. I could not remember where I had been that day. With a volume of typical Japanese "evidence" against me, I appealed to the spies. They checked back in their notes, told me where I had been and substantiated my alibi to the police.

I needed a pair of shoes but found them practically impossible to get. I could no longer have them made for lack of materials. Even ratskins and whaleskins were being used. Leather was reserved for military shoes. Wealthy Japanese with friends in England or the U.S. were glad to pay \$10 to \$15 duty on gift shoes sent to them.

Vegetable fiber replaced cotton and wool for clothing, including bathing suits. The ersatz material disintegrates under occasional wetting. But the Japanese are not embarrassed by the sudden melting of their bathing suits.

Gold lettering on book covers was prohibited and copper-engraved calling cards or social announcements forbidden. Photographic films could not be imported, with the exception of X-ray plates for hospital use.

Wire wastebaskets, metal doorknobs and steel picket fences had to be guarded from theft. Scrap metal had

an extraordinary value. Manhole covers disappeared, leaving gaping holes in the streets.

All idleness was unpatriotic. School children took their regular vacations, but the girls sewed comfort bags for soldiers and sailors, and the boys gardened or worked on roads during the summer months. There was no unemployment except in the home industries and the cultured-pearl industry.

The world-wide boycott of Japanese toys, novelties and handicraft goods had destroyed a major industry. Previously thousands of families subsisted on the profits of their group labor at home on such goods. The government was conducting a campaign to adapt them to factory industry. An estimated 260,000 specialists who cultivated pearls were thrown out of work, while living costs increased throughout the country. Income taxes were 35% to 50% higher, with taxes on incomes of \$200 a year and over.

Seven airplane factories were in full operation, producing military planes and commercial transports, intended, it was understood, for establishment of air lines in China. Like other industries, however, operations of the airplane plants are carefully guarded secrets. Their metallurgy and alloys are unsatisfactory.

Installing new equipment, one factory imported a group of technical

experts from the U.S. The experts were not allowed in the plant. Established in a hotel, they were consulted by Japanese engineers, ironing out mechanical difficulties by guess and by blueprint.

Before the present totalitarian, anti-American campaign, foreigners were frequently stopped on the street by politely bowing Japanese who asked: "You American or British?"

Told you were American, they said, "Very nice. Americans very nice. British bad people. Americans very fine. Good-by." But now, Americans, too, were disliked.

Advertising accounts dropped more than 60%. All foreign advertising of imported products disappeared along with the products themselves. Department stores were forbidden to advertise specials. The order had been a blow to them. Japanese department stores once rivaled America's in completeness of stock.

Shopping in a department store was an all-day affair until the war. Mothers brought their children and turned them over to store employees. Children were entertained by visits to the store's roof zoos, or riding cable cars or midget trains. Mothers visited the store auditorium, heard lectures or received other entertainment. The larger stores had pipe organs. Tea and biscuits were served, free to all, on each floor. There were fashion shows and cooking schools. I organ-

ized such events several times. I could never find a large enough auditorium. All these activities were banned in a few seemingly short months.

The spread of western fashions was halted by government decree. Gay colors and flowered kimonos were replaced by drab grays and blacks. Women were reluctant to revert to the old national styles but accepted them as a patriotic duty.

Sales of electrical household appliances were strictly curtailed, although the demand was tremendous and unlimited. Canned goods and other prepared foods lost in sales volume; there was no soda ash for making bottles, and tin could be used only for war materials.

Foreign food innovations were elim-

inated, forcing a return to the Japanese diet of rice, fish, vegetables and limited amounts of meat. Milk, cheese, butter and eggs were no more, for there was no pasturage for extensive cattle herds. Meat was scarce and dear.

The government was campaigning to eliminate the use of polished rice, for the polishing removes food elements in the hulls and makes the Japanese chronic sufferers of deficiency diseases, beriberi, tuberculosis, bad teeth.

Coal rose \$15 to \$20 a ton. Houses are heated by charcoal braziers and are poorly insulated, adding to the health hazards of the people.

One thing was certain. The China adventure had not come through with the goods.



## Last Words

A young Catholic man lay on an operating table in a New York City hospital. The doctors and nurses were gathered around him, ready to begin the operation. Resting his hand gently upon the patient's shoulder, the chief surgeon said, "My young friend, I think I should tell you frankly that your malady has been diagnosed as cancer of the tongue. In order to save your life, it will be necessary for us to remove your tongue. If there is anything you wish to say, please do so now, as you will be speechless the rest of your life." As the full import of the doctor's words sank home, the youth's face paled in a momentary shudder. There was a twitching of the muscles about the mouth. Then, pulling himself together, he looked into the faces of those around him, and said in a calm, earnest voice, "I want my last words to be: Praised be the sacred name of Jesus!"

From *The Faith of Millions* by Father O'Brien quoted in the *Apostle of Mary* (Dec. '41).



# Dreams

By JOHN CULNAN

Condensed from *St. Joseph Lilies\**

The stuff they're made on

**Outside** of our daydreams, which are not really true dreams, there is only one condition necessary to dreaming, and that is sleep, in which state the average man spends about 20 full years of his life. Sleep in relation to dreams is a condition of rest in which impressions on the sense organs—for example, the weight of blankets on the body, the sound of footsteps, or the sensations of taste—are no longer interpreted normally, as the weight of blankets, the sound of footsteps, or a certain taste. These impressions, rather, may be experienced in our dreams in a very distorted way: the weight of the blankets may be a steam roller crushing us to death, and one set of footsteps may be the sound of a million men marching up never-ending stairs.

Certain physiological changes take place in sleep. First of all, we are not completely inactive, for the whole nervous system does not sleep. Circulation, respiration and digestion continue with slight decreases in their movements; blood pressure and body temperature are lower, respiration is slower. However, the most important change is that the brain becomes anemic, the blood flowing away from it so that the cells which are usually red

become dull gray. As far as we know today, our conscious processes arise only through the awakening or exciting of the gray cerebral cortex. Moreover, the cubic inch of protoplasm (mass of cells) which forms this cortex, represents the immediate organic basis of all our functions peculiar to animal life: sensations, images and memories. This central cortex is connected with all points on the surface of the body and with every muscle and external and internal organic sense by the nervous system.

According to St. Thomas, our dreams may be caused in various ways; for instance, by images remaining in the sensitive memory and imagination during sleep. But the mere fact that such images remain would not make us dream, for they must be awakened or excited, and this excitation may come from outside or inside the body. Thus, such simple things as the hardness of the mattress, an awkward position in bed, or the temperature of the room can cause a nerve impulse to be sent to the cortex of the brain. The brain being in an uncontrolled state, this impulse will naturally travel first along its own proper path and to its own proper place, but it may also cause other

\**St. Joseph's Convent, St. Albans St., Toronto, Ont., Canada. December, 1941.*

impulses to be set in motion along other paths, if these paths have an aptitude to be so excited. When any impulse reaches its nerve center in the sensitive memory we experience what we call *remembering*; for example, if we remember an automobile accident, we see a picture of it in what is called the organic sensitive memory, which is made up of certain brain cells. In the dream, this is exactly what happens. Nerve impulses excite their own proper cells in the sensitive memory, and many others besides, and as these cells and nerve paths are connected with certain things we have experienced in the past, we dream of these things. Because, then, of the queer mixture of cells which can be so awakened we have the queer mixtures which we find in our dreams.

People wonder why their dreams concern certain things; many of these things can be explained quite easily. In exciting the cells which cause dreams it is not usually fatigued or tired nerves which operate, but rather those which are only partially fatigued. This accounts for the fact that trivial events of the day before are often the subjects of our dreams, for in such cases certain nerves were excited only slightly by some minor event, and only enough to make them active or lively, so that they are more awake, as it were, than others. This also explains why a person who is very worried seldom dreams about

what is worrying him; the worrying itself will necessarily have completely fatigued certain sections of the nervous system, rendering them less capable of easy operation.

Just as emotional excitement may cause dreams, so may vegetative functions, such as the act of digestion itself. After each meal, the blood flows to the stomach in greater quantities to aid in the process of digestion; and all such blood movements are registered unconsciously in the nervous system. This very registering is sufficient to excite brain cells in sleep, and again we dream. Similarly, the condition of the blood has an affinity with certain cell groups or areas of the brain, and this may be the reason why some persons dream the same dreams over and over again.

The nervous system and brain cells act with astounding speed. The speed with which they may cause us to recall the scenes, sounds, and circumstances of which we dream is almost unbelievable. Sometimes certain peculiar circumstances external to the dream, and yet clearly connected with it, enable us to judge its speed. Such a dream was that of Maury, narrated by Freud. Maury, sick in bed, dreamed of the reign of terror at the time of the French Revolution. He dreamed that he took part in terrible scenes of murder, and finally that he was summoned before the Tribunal. There he saw Robespierre, Marat, and

all the other sorry heroes of that epoch. He had to give an account of himself, and after many incidents, which did not fix themselves in his memory, he was sentenced to death. Accompanied by an enormous crowd, he was led to the guillotine; he mounted the scaffold, the executioner led him to the board, and the knife fell. He felt his head severed from his body, and he awoke in horror, only to find that the top piece of the bed had fallen down and had actually struck the vertebrae of his neck in the same manner as the guillotine knife. Thus, Maury's dream had begun only after the piece of the bed had fallen, and all took place in the space of a second or two. As this example shows, and as experiment proves, dreams only occur when there is a stimulus which awakens parts of the brain.

St. Thomas, following Aristotle, teaches that the mind accepts as real all objects presented to it, unless it be checked by some other faculty. In sleep there is no other faculty to check the intellect, and this explains the apparent actuality and truth which we give a dream while it is taking place. The coherence of a dream probably results partly from an orderly succession of previously associated images, and partly from a faint power of selection which rejects striking ec-

centricities. On the other hand, the exaggeration in dreams is a result of the exclusion of other sensations and thus those which are present assume an utterly inordinate importance so that the buzzing of a fly, abnormally interpreted, may become a roaring cataract, avalanche, or a storm at sea.

Thus we see that dreams have their direct causes in the sensitive part of man; that there must be a stimulus; that thought itself cannot cause dreams; and that although the intellect is barely active, in that it knows afterwards that we were dreaming, it is not active enough to form any real judgment. The will does not exercise any noticeable control over dreams, so we do not become morally responsible for them. The speed with which dreams take place is a mechanical one, and not the labored speed of conscious thinking. Order is usually lacking, and the content of dreams is often foolish, whether or not the dreamer has a strong mind. Therefore, ordinary dreams are valueless, their causes being inadequate to produce any worth-while result, and hence their interpretation is vain. Such a statement as, "Go to bed and sleep over that problem, and you'll have the answer in the morning," is entirely false, for there can be no such logical thought in dreams.

❖

If men are so wicked with religion, what would they be without it?

Benjamin Franklin.

# Doctors Don't Believe It

By AUGUST A. THOMEN, M.D.

Ripley come to judgment

Condensed from a book\*

**Spinach.** A health fetish, a symbol of parental anxiety, intolerance, and domination, a badge of childhood insubordination — that's spinach. Is spinach so valuable as to justify the trouble of preparing it and, often, of feeding it to youngsters? It is not a supervalueable source of calcium and iron, of energy and strength.

Recent experiments indicate that the feeding of spinach to infants may sometimes be detrimental. Genevieve Stearns and Dorothy Stinger of the University of Iowa have shown that the calcium retention of infants fed on a diet of cow's milk amounted to 35% of the calcium intake, but that it fell to 27% when spinach was fed along with the milk.

## *Lobster and Ice Cream*

Lobster and ice cream do not form a poisonous combination, and any illness they are thought to cause when eaten at the same meal is really due to some deterioration in the quality of the food served.

## *Green Apples*

Unripe fruit is hard, coarse, and unpalatable. Because of this lack of pleasant taste and the associated hardness and coarseness, it is most likely to be chewed insufficiently. It is this

insufficient chewing, not the unripeness of the fruit, that causes the stomach-ache.

## *Oysters and R's*

It is a popular belief that oysters eaten in May, June, July, or August can cause food poisoning. Actually, oysters may be eaten at any time. It happens, however, that the four months mentioned constitute the spawning season of the oyster. Spawn imparts a flat taste, and during this season the flesh is stringy and unappetizing.

## *Fish and Brain Food*

Even before the child reaches kindergarten age, certain parts of the brain are completely developed; for example, the parts of the cerebrum that govern vision and hearing are fully grown and developed before the end of the first year. This growth of the brain occurs when the chief article of diet is milk, a food in no way akin to fish. No one food benefits the brain more than another. Any good food is good brain food.

## *Exercise and Longevity*

The late Dr. Raymond Pearl of Johns Hopkins University, one of America's most distinguished biologists, made an analysis of 132 occupa-

\*Doctors Don't Believe It—Why Should You? 1941. Simon and Schuster, Inc., New York City. 385 pp. \$2.50.

tional groups in England and noted that after 40, but not before, workers die off in direct relation to the physical strenuousness of their jobs. The unskilled who perform severe physical labor die first, while the highly skilled, who are employed in tasks requiring much brain work but little brawn work, live the longest.

That longevity can be attained through the exercises mentioned in some advertisements is just so much simplified nonsense. Science knows only one certain way of living long, and that is to pick the right kind of long-lived ancestors. Many an individual has died prematurely simply because he indulged in vigorous exercise after 40. What the great majority of middle-aged folk need is plenty of rest with mild exercise in moderation.

#### *Blood Pressure*

Blood-pressure recordings show normal variations in groups of quite healthy individuals. These variations result from a wide range of factors, and depend on whether the person is young or old, male or female, reserved or excitable, lazy or active, lean or fat, short or tall, dull-witted or mentally active. Moreover, such physiological factors as exercise, eating, and rest have each their normal effects on blood-pressure findings, even in the same person. Sometimes a particular range of blood pressure is observed to be a family trait, and it may even be a racial characteristic,

e. g., the relatively low blood pressure of the Chinese.

There is no such thing as a fixed normal blood pressure for any particular individual. The doctor can only speak of the blood pressure as being within normal range. The patient's general health determines, within certain limits, whether his blood pressure is normal for him.

#### *Cathartics*

The nation has been made bowel-conscious by the newspaper-magazine-radio dramatics of the cathartic manufacturers to such an extent that there are many thousands of persons who feel that it is impossible for them not to feel ill, grouchy, logy, and head-achy if they are constipated for ever so brief a period. Yet, it has been definitely proved that everyone does not require a bowel movement every day. Careful study of the habits of thousands of healthy college men has established that many perfectly healthy people have a bowel movement only every two, three, or more days without the slightest ill effects.

#### *Beauty Preparations*

Despite all statements to the contrary, neither the medical profession nor the rest of the scientific world has ever been able to discover:

1. A skin tonic, lotion, or cream that can remove or shrivel enlarged pores.
2. A cream, lotion, or tonic that can remove wrinkles.

3. A cream or lotion that can nourish the skin or build tissue.

4. A cream, salve, lotion or tonic that can grow hair.

5. A weight-reducing preparation for external use that is at all effective.

6. A weight-reducing preparation to take internally which can remove fat without subjecting the patient to serious hazards.

#### *Baldness*

Most baldness is pattern baldness, the kind that results in the loss of hair over a certain part of the scalp. Pattern baldness is hereditary and has come down through the ages from one generation to another, wholly uninfluenced by styles of headdress or headgear, habits of living, sanitation, tonsorial or beauty parlors, or the perfection of hair tonics.

It may be asked: "If baldness is inherited, why are not women equally affected? You rarely see a bald-headed woman!" Science has the exact answer to this puzzling question, for intensive research has revealed that baldness is what is called a pure hereditary trait, that is, it is a "dominant" in men and a "recessive" in women.

The common notion that the hairs are living structures like a patch of grass, which can be nourished and fertilized at will by the external application of nutrients, is entirely false. The hair follicle, or "root," receives its nourishment like any other tissue

from the blood, and the blood only.

#### *Ultra-brief Bathing Suits*

There is no scientific justification for the ultra-brief bathing suit. The exposure to the sun of a small portion of the body accomplishes as much good as if the entire body were exposed. Rickety rats have been cured by having less than one square inch of skin surface exposed to the curative rays.

#### *Dentifrices*

It should be more generally known that no tooth paste, tooth liquid, or tooth powder can have any therapeutic action of any definite significance whatever. Most dentifrices are entirely too complex in formula and frequently wholly irrational in composition. A quarter teaspoonful of baking soda (sodium bicarbonate) and an equal amount of table salt in half a glass of water will accomplish as much as the most costly dentifrice, no matter how high-sounding a name it may have or how enthusiastically it may be sponsored on the air. It should be remembered that if a tooth paste, powder, liquid, or mouthwash is advertised with any other claims (acid correction, germ killing, decay prevention, tartar removal, cure of pyorrhea) than as a simple cleansing agent, it is parading under false colors.

#### *Rusty-nail Scratches*

Slight wounds that proved fatal because of the resulting infection have often enough been caused by nails,



needles, and pins that were rust-free and apparently quite clean. It isn't the slight wound that is important, but the germs or microbes that have been introduced into the body as a result of the wound. The most dangerous of all germs that either clean or rusty nails can admit into the body through wounds is the germ of tetanus, or lockjaw. Next in rank is the streptococcus, the germ of blood poisoning. And third is Welch's gas bacillus, which causes gas gangrene, a very serious infection which actually balloons the skin and tissues with gas.

### *Fractures*

That in a simple fracture the bone is broken in only one place, while in a compound fracture the bone is broken in a number of places, is a popular belief. These terms have nothing to do with the number of times a bone is broken. A simple fracture is one in which the skin is unbroken. The bone may be broken in several places, but so long as the skin is unbroken, the fracture is a simple fracture. A compound fracture is one in which the skin is broken.

### *Boils*

Having a boil does not mean that the blood is being purified. On the contrary, the boil serves as a focus of infection from which the blood may pick up germs and carry them to other parts of the body. The intelligent person suffering from boils calls

on his doctor for examination and treatment, and he is especially concerned when a boil occurs on the face, particularly in the region of the nose, lips, or chin, because of the great danger of a complicating brain abscess.

### *Mouthwashes*

Many millions of dollars are wasted each year on mouthwashes, the packages of which are always worth many times the contents. (One mouthwash powder that has been selling for \$2 is made up of a mixture of common salt, baking soda, chalk, starch, borax, and magnesia, all worth 8 cents!)

The actual facts established by medical and dental science regarding mouthwashes are:

1. The constant use of medicated mouthwashes as a part of the toilet is unwise and often harmful and should be discouraged.
2. Mouthwashes are entirely useless as sterilizing, germ-killing agents.
3. Astringent mouthwashes are especially to be condemned because they tend to inhibit the blood supply and thus defeat the most important principle in promoting the health of the mouth.
4. The safest and most efficient mouthwash is a salt solution, a quarter teaspoonful of table salt and a quarter teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda in half a glass of water.

### *Scaring Hiccuppers*

Scaring the patient is about the most useless of the many remedies for

hiccups. Other supposed cures include drinking water slowly, holding one's breath, counting numbers, pressing the upper lip, and electric shocks to the skin.

The following is a very reliable method of treatment that the author has used successfully in several cases. It is based on the fact that carbon-dioxide gas—the gas that is used in soda water and that we exhale from our lungs—can stimulate the respiratory nerve center. The only apparatus needed is an ordinary paper bag. The bag is firmly placed over the nose and mouth of the patient, who breathes into and out of it. As the oxygen in the bag is used up, the exhaled carbon-dioxide gas accumulates, so that in a few minutes there is enough to produce a curative effect.

#### *Whisky for Snake Bite*

Some species of snakes, though wholly nonpoisonous, are inclined to be rather aggressive and more likely to bite than some of the deadly, poisonous kinds. This is the case with the large common black snake, which attains a length of eight feet, and some of the water snakes. If a person is bitten by a harmless snake and is given whisky, his "recovery" is attributed to that remedy. The harmless snake bite is the only sort whisky ever "cured."

#### *Nervous Breakdown*

The term "nervous breakdown" is in general use among laymen to des-

ignate some of the most serious mental derangements, as well as actual insanity. In lay parlance, it can cover diseases that doctors call, for example, dementia praecox, paranoia, manic-depressive psychosis, paresis and involution melancholia.

The causes of mental disorders are of two kinds, predisposing and exciting. Like the match and the gunpowder the match explodes, neither one is alone sufficient to produce the explosion; both are necessary.

"Overwork," "overstudy," "worry," "financial reverses," "insomnia," "the loss of property," "disappointment in love," "domestic troubles," "mother's death," "business anxiety," and the like are among the commonest exciting causes.

In the opinion of many persons, these various tribulations are the actual causes of the various disorders of the mind which impair one's sanity. Yet, very few people pass through their lives without meeting with adversity and misfortune in some form or other. Countless persons have been as sorely tried as Job himself, and have come through mentally unimpaired.

The truth is, such stresses and strains bend a person, but do not break him unless he has the predisposition to mental disorder already implanted in him.

#### *High Brows and Low Brows*

The notion of "high-brow versus

low-brow" is associated with the preconceived idea that the larger the head, the more the brains, hence the greater the intelligence and culture. There is no difference intellectually between the high-brow and the low-brow, however, according to Dr. Ales Hrdlicka, the eminent anthropologist of the Smithsonian Institution, who has measured a great number of foreheads of people of old American stock, Indians, Egyptians, Negroes, Alaskan Eskimos, Old World whites, and others over a period of 30 years.

#### *The Number of Senses*

The notion that we have only five senses dates back to the days of ancient Greece. Aristotle mentioned them: sight, smell, hearing, taste, and touch. The fact is that we have eleven in all: six, in addition to the five that are so well known.

Take, for example, the *muscular sense*. Suppose you place your hand upon an alarm clock standing on the table. You hear it ticking, you see it, and you feel it: its size, shape, etc. You see that it is made of glass and metal, and you feel that it is cold. While grasping it, raise it from the table. You learn that it has weight. Now, it is not the sense of touch that gives you this added information, for you were touching the clock while it was on the table. It is the sensation of resistance derived from your muscular sense that gives this added knowledge.

Physiologists speak of the *temperature sense* as different from that of touch; likewise of the *pain sense* and the *articular sense*, i.e., the consciousness attendant upon the articulation of the joints. There are also the *distance sense*, i.e., the power especially cultivated by the blind, but possessed by every normal person, of estimating distance within sight or direct physical contact, and the *static sense*, by which the equilibrium and orienting of the body in space are secured, which resides in the semicircular canals of the inner ear.

#### *Seven-Month Babies*

A newborn child's chances of survival are determined not so much by the time of its birth as by its physical condition and development. The development of the child does not, however, keep pace with the calendar. A child may be born at term (an average of 280 days of pregnancy) and yet be backward in development; and, conversely, children may be born before term and yet be fully mature.

#### *Life Recalled at Death*

It has been believed for centuries that the important events of a person's life are speedily recalled at the moment of death, especially when it occurs suddenly. There can be, of course, no experimental evidence on the subject. The writer has interviewed a number of persons who had escaped sudden death, at one time or another, and in not a single instance

was there the slightest verification of the notion. In several instances, the individuals concerned were so overwhelmed by the impending calamity that their minds ceased to function; in the majority of cases, however, their only thoughts concerned the measures that might lead to safety.

### *The Agony of Death*

The last moments of life are more distressing to witness than to endure. What is termed "the agony of death" concerns the watchers by the bedside rather than the being who is the subject of pity. A last illness may be long, wearisome, and painful, but the closing moments of it are, as a rule, free from suffering. The really terrifying aspect of the occurrence is produced by the loud, forceful, and often

panting character of the breathing. It is chiefly the noise made by the patient's breathing that strikes terror into the hearts of the onlookers and the household. When this is absent, the relatives and friends are wont to regard the passing as quite painless and peaceful.

In the great majority of instances, the dying person is placed on his back. Now, it is far more sensible, and in accord with anatomical and physiological requirements, to have the person lying on his side. When in this position, the patient's tongue does not interfere with the breathing process, the secretions that form in the mouth do not flow backward into the windpipe, and the noisy breathing is lessened or completely stopped.



## Who is Scotch?

From now on hold up those Scotch stories. In 1937, the Catholics of Scotland contributed on an average  $5\frac{1}{4}$  cents a person to the foreign missions, while the average American Catholic contributed just a little over 3 cents.

J. M. Vosburgh, O.S.M. in *Novena Notes* (12 Dec. '41).



A famous psychologist, asked why the average woman talks so much, answered with another question, "Who taught you to talk?" "My mother, of course." "There you have the answer," said the psychologist. "Women are so made that they talk easily and much, and often about nothing much, because one of their tasks is to teach the race to talk."

*America* (3 Jan. '42).

# Dead Men Live Again

Old stones find cornerstone

By JOHN MAGUIRE

Condensed from the *St. Anthony Messenger*\*

**It might** have been any church anywhere. The men sanding the pews, inserting stained-glass windows and installing electric wires might have been ordinary workmen. Only the foreman seemed out of place. He was playing the organ, and he was a priest.

One of the men approached. Sweat streaked, he was the color of a football from long hours in the sun. "The window's in, Father. Nice and tight, too." He waved toward the window high in the rear wall. "How does it look, Father?"

Father Ambrose R. Hyland swung away from the console and grinned at me. "This fellow is tricky," he said, "but I'm wise to him. He just wants me to tell him he did a good job."

The man grinned, too, a broad flash of teeth that made no pretense of denial. "Well, it is a good job. I gotta get somebody to tell me."

"All right," groaned the priest, "the window is wonderful. It's marvelous, it's superb, and I couldn't have done better myself. Now you can go around and tell everybody what I said."

The workman was still smiling as he walked away. The tone and the words might have been joshing, but

there had been praise intended, and he knew it. He was satisfied.

Nothing remarkable about that incident? Perhaps not, but the likable man who came looking for praise openly, as a child does, was a convicted criminal! And so were the hundred-odd men working in and around the church that rainy Saturday.

This was the "cathedral of the cons," the famous church made by the imagination and drive of one man, and built under his direction by inmates of Clinton prison, at Dannemora, N. Y. It was the chapel of St. Dismas, a constant reminder that it is never too late for repentance—the Church of The Good Thief, who stole the heart of God in the final flickering minutes on Golgotha.

Unfinished when I saw it, the Gothic building was even then strikingly impressive; it is 150 feet long and 52 feet wide, and seats 1,200. The 106-foot tower, from whence the Angelus echoes over the rolling countryside, looks down on rock-lined walks and a well-tended garden, nurtured by prisoners in the shadow of armed guards on a near-by wall.

Within the church, the breath-taking beauty of the altar is gently de-

\*1615 Republic St., Cincinnati, Ohio. January, 1942.

fined in the light from that same stained-glass window (in the Maltese cross of which twinkle, in tribute to Father Hyland's resourcefulness, several ordinary automobile tail-light reflectors, which are much cheaper than rubies and quite as effective). Recessed in a 40-foot stone arch, the reconstructed reredos shows murals of Magellan, and a huge one of Dismas, as he appeared on his cross at Calvary.

The ceiling is open-English hammered-beam style, with richly designed and colored panels. The organ console in the sanctuary is balanced, monastic fashion, by oak stalls which seat 40 members of the vested Good Thief choir, one of the best, says the proud chaplain, in the state.

The walls of litholyte block, the pews of red oak, the altar rail of oak and wrought iron, and most of the statuary and paintings that adorn the interior were fashioned by inmates, under their chaplain's guidance. Erected by amateur labor, the church is an inspiring monument to the men who built it.

Much has been written of the church and of the convicts who gave up their free time to construct it. Few people, however, understand fully the role the prison padre played in this unique accomplishment. To appreciate the value of his efforts, try to picture him on Aug. 1, 1937, when the two massive outer gates of Clinton

closed behind him for the first time.

Young for the job of prison chaplain, he must have felt a nagging doubt on that first day "in stir." He had studied the social sciences, taught at Mt. St. Mary's College, and had been an assistant pastor in a near-by parish. Twenty-two hundred convicts! Twelve hundred criminally insane patients in adjacent Dannemora State Hospital! How could one man handle such a crew?

Even these terrifying figures can't do justice to the job that faced him. Clinton, though a well-administered institution, is no lace-curtain, wrist-slapping pen; in the language of penology, it's a maximum-security prison. Inmates call it "the Siberia of America." The long-termers are sent here.

Too, Clinton at the time was unavoidably overcrowded. Because of the above-normal population, there was not enough work for all, and continuous idleness in confinement often leads to trouble. Such was the setting into which Father Hyland came.

Nor were these the only problems confronting the priest, as he soon learned. Touring his new parish, he saw block on block of cells, the kitchen, library and yard. Then the guard threw open a door. "This is where you say Mass, Father."

Father Hyland winced. The long, low auditorium was in no way like a church. The room was clean, and spacious enough, he supposed, but



where was the atmosphere of religion? Steel columns, prison-gray paint, a small stage at one end where the altar stood: this was hardly a place for meditation and prayer.

In that moment was conceived the fine structure that now looms on its little knoll high above the grim, gray buildings. He was an idealist, this priest, but he was first of all a fighter. Already, before his trip of inspection was over, he knew what his biggest task was to be: he must build a suitable chapel for his flock.

It was no easy assignment he gave himself. There was a chapel, the room he had just left. He had to persuade the warden, the correction department and the state of New York that it was unsatisfactory, and then he had to get the money for a new one.

No American state makes provision for the construction of religious buildings for its wrongdoers, of many faiths. They do these things better in England, Father Hyland will tell you earnestly, where Catholic, Protestant and Jew may worship each in his own government-built chapel. In the U.S. there was no chance of obtaining funds from the authorities. He would, in his own words, have to "burn and chisel."

Yet, so quickly did the energetic chaplain move, that ground was broken for the new chapel within a year. Since permission to erect a

church in a prison would not be granted to one faith alone, Father Hyland's first step was to interest the state, from a welfare angle, in the erection of individual chapels for Protestant, Hebrew and Catholic inmates. There were meetings in Albany, the state capital, and there were sympathetic reminders that the job was well-nigh impossible, but approval was given without the loss of too much time. Any of the three clerics might build a chapel for his flock, provided the necessary money was obtained from private sources.

That was all Father Hyland needed. A many-sided man, he now became a publicity man. Already, of course, he had received the sanction of his superior, the late Bishop Conroy of Ogdensburg, and now he made his project known to the public.

Then began the heart-warming part of the story. From all over the country, answers came to the plea for aid. The late Patrick Cardinal Hayes personally handed the young priest his first gift, a check for \$5,000. Frederick V. Murphy, outstanding Catholic architect, drew up a set of plans as his offering. Harry and Billy Brandt, New York City Jews, presented a \$25,000 organ. Dollars and dimes came in from Samaritans of all creeds.

A site was chosen, and an old dairy barn was razed. Symbolic, that: a house of God was to rise where a

manger had once stood. Regarded by the men themselves as fitting, also, was the fact that into the structure went, not crisp new blocks of stone or freshly poured concrete, but rugged, battered rocks that had stood for years in an old wall of the prison. Like the men of Clinton, they were scarred and weatherbeaten by life, but they could still serve God.

Father Hyland supervised every step of the actual operations. His was no dilettante interest; his advice was invaluable. A prisoner who had been an engineer on the outside told me that when the altar base was being set in place, it was the chaplain who sensed something wrong, and who found that the plans had been read incorrectly. When I asked him how it was that he had been of such help, he disclaimed any credit. "My father was in the construction business," he said.

The 200 or so inmates who worked on the chapel were typical of Clinton. They were not hand-picked. Some were chosen because they had been carpenters, or masons, or electricians, others because their chaplain sensed in them a great need for the physical toil; they were close to despair from idleness.

No Sunday-school group, this. Yet, through all the confusion and complexities no member of the crew laboring on the chapel has committed any infraction of prison rules. For

several years each man's conduct has been perfect. Father Hyland loves his church; his eyes come alive as he shows you the details of its construction. But you know, from the way he stresses the behavior of his crew, that his greatest pride is in the men who have proved themselves worthy of the trust he placed in them.

He told me of one case. The man had a bad reputation, even among his fellow inmates. Prison guards, who gain a kind of sixth sense from their constant observation, had him on an unwritten list for close watching. Instinctively everyone in Clinton knew there was a blowup of some sort coming soon. It was in the air.

The man came to Father Hyland. He had never done any sculpture, but he claimed that he wanted to try it. He showed the priest some pencil sketches. They weren't too good, but in them was visible some sense of form, some slight ability in draftsmanship.

The chaplain had a decision to make, and a hard one. The man had been on the ragged edge of rebellion. Was he now sincere, or was this a clever move to obtain for himself a better chance for freedom? As a sculptor, he would have sharp tools in his hands part of the day; he would be working in the yard, still guarded and confined, but with fewer barriers between himself and the outer world. The prison authorities left

the decision entirely to Father Hyland. The warden and the principal keeper cautioned him, but they said, in effect, "We rely on your judgment. If you want him, you can have him."

Father Hyland wanted him. And, while you can't probe a man's heart in one short interview, it is my guess that the husky chaplain's most triumphant moment came not so long ago, when the same convict waited for him in a dark corner of the new church. Putting out his two hands, gun style, he said, "You got me, Father."

The chaplain feigned ignorance. "What do you mean?"

"You know what I mean, Father."

Father Hyland did know, but he wanted the man to go "whole hog," to admit aloud, without false shame, what he was trying to hint at. "I don't know what you are talking about. You'll have to come right out with it."

The man blurted it out. "I want to be the first one to go to confession in the new church, Father. You got me!"

If the entire project had somehow been stopped right there, it would have been worth while. But many others—there were 47 men confirmed at the chapel dedication ceremonies—have come to the faith they never really knew before. Father Hyland puts the problem of prisoner rehabilitation graphically; his own experience is best proof of the soundness of his views.

"This country spends millions for prisoners: fine buildings, good supervision, well-equipped hospitals to keep inmates well, schools to equip them for the outer world, books, sports and entertainment to prevent warping of minds already slightly twisted. The money is well spent, but how can you accomplish the primary purpose of prison, moral rehabilitation, if you don't furnish the best means—religion—for that rehabilitation?"

"I wouldn't force religion on these men. All they need is a chance to get what most of them never had—a real understanding of why we have churches, and why people go to them."



"What are you giving up for Lent, George?" my brother asked of George M. Cohan on the eve of Ash Wednesday.

"Father," George replied, "I'm just giving up!"

Leonard Feeney, S.J., in *America* (11 Dec. '37).

# Chromium Plating the Kids

By EDWARD A. HARRIGAN

Mind and hands must work

Condensed from the *Grail*\*

When we bought and moved into our home in this particular part of Suburbia a couple of years ago, eyebrows were hoisted and noses looked down when it was learned that the new family had five kids and the promise of a sixth. Of course, that was before the professors issued their edict expanding the average American family by a fraction of a child to, I believe, four. We about doubled the juvenile population of this block of two dozen-odd families, you see, and staid—and childless, one-child, or child-and-a-dog—couples were concerned about their lawns. (I am proud to report that their fears have not materialized.) Needless to say, there were no callers dropping in to welcome us to the community: that neighborly chore was entrusted to the chamber of commerce “hostess” who gave us, with gusto, a basket of groceries—and, casually, a sheaf of tradesmen’s come-on cards and coupons. Equally needless to say, we didn’t squirm any over that situation, for we have quite a bit of fun among ourselves.

We noticed all the other symptoms of that highly contagious disease, keeping-up-with-the-jones-itis: sleek front yards, man-of-the-house main-

tained; owners painting their own homes by day and sallying forth in tails by night; golf chatter; rapid turnover in canned foods, nearly-new cars, and \$5-a-week maids. That didn’t worry us, either, so long as only the adults were infected.

The few kids in the block were having a glorious time with roller skates, dolls and doll houses, ice skates and Indian suits, marbles and baseballs. True to their gang instincts, they played together early and late, and in each others’ homes and back yards.

One morning a youngster showed up with a scooter—one of those two-wheeled affairs which, with a foot board between the wheels and an upright handle in front for steering, looks like a recumbent V for Victory. But this wasn’t an ordinary scooter of strap iron and disk wheels: oh, no; this was a streamlined job with air tires, flashily painted red and blue—it was a honey, all right. In less time than it takes the fellow behind you to honk when the traffic light changes, roller skates became passé.

“Daddy, mamma, can’t we have a scooter?”

“Well. . . .” Mamma and daddy had to do some fast thinking.

\**St. Meinrad, Ind. January, 1942.*

"A scooter with balloon tires, like Archie's."

Mother and I didn't like the ring of that very well. We stalled, and talked the matter over after the youngsters had gone to bed. My wife thought that maybe our oldest boy and I could make a scooter out of an apple box, a board, and the wheels of the now despised roller skates. Would that I had followed her suggestion.

"But that would be pretty noisy. After all, there is Mrs. Grumpy and her headaches. . . ."

We did decide that maybe our boys and girls did need some equipment in addition to roller skates. The younger ones were too small to use the skates, after all. We could get something for all of them to use, perhaps; something that would provide more than merely the thrill of speed on wheels. How about a coaster wagon? The next day we put the proposition up to our young hopefuls. "Anyway, you wouldn't want people saying you got a scooter just because Archie got one, would you now?"

We reasoned, moreover, that a coaster wagon would be something that all their little visitors could use. We wanted them to be generous, charitable, social. Dubiously, they acceded.

"Archie will probably be glad to play with the coaster, too, and surely he'll let you take turns on his scooter

once in a while." And that is the way it did work out, for some time.

On week-end jaunts, I carried a metal bushel basket in the car trunk, and brought home sand for our sand box. Hours upon end, the coaster could be seen parked alongside the sand box while the heads of a dozen kids bobbed up and down as they wielded spoons and shovels. The older ones played at being construction contractors; the younger ones flung sand high and wide for the sheer joy of the act. The sand was loaded and hauled up and down the alley and around the block; so were bricks and sticks and the baby. The lawn was cut, the grass (hay—they called it) was gleefully raked and cocked and hauled and stacked. The coaster wagon became a neighborhood apurtenance. It became virtually common property. That was all right; it kept the little ones together, kept them busy, kept them within hailing distance.

This juvenile democracy was soon to be shipwrecked upon the shoals of snobbery—innocent, to be sure, but just that, nevertheless. In our block is one of those pathetic products of the divorce courts: a broken home. The employed divorcee leaves her defathered offspring in charge of its ailing grandmother during the day. This mother it was who sabotaged our good ship *Utopia*. She torpedoed it from a small bicycle.

I am not denying anyone's right to buy her kid a bike. But this instance certainly drove me and all the other parents in the block right smack back behind the eight ball. It also broke several children's hearts and swelled one's head. I suspected there was trouble ahead as soon as I saw the bicycle being unpacked. I knew it, the very first time one of my little daughters made a deal with Mickey of the bicycle, a deal for a ride around the block.

My girl apparently didn't get back quite as soon as she should have, for a shrill argument ensued upon her return. Soon, Mickey's mamma hove over the horizon and dropped anchor between the pair. I saw the episode, but kept in the background; somehow I am not inclined to interfere in children's quarrels, short of blood letting. Mickey's mother made it quite plain that the sidewalk bike was intended for the exclusive use of Mickey, even though, later, she habitually parked the bike in our back yard in order to play with our coaster or shake a few apples from our trees. Reluctantly I put my foot down and forbade all my children to touch any of Mickey's things, even with her permission. By way of justice, I encouraged them to share their toys with the other children, including Mickey.

What with the sand pile, and the coaster, and a tricycle (with solid, not

balloon, tires), my younger children were pretty well provided for, but it made me choke to behold the older ones standing wistfully at the front gate, watching an ever-lengthening progression of kiddie cars, tricycles and bicycles, streamlined all, go a-whizzing by. The deadly and swiftly striking jones-itis was by now ravaging the whole neighborhood. My kids, naturally, had caught it. Despite vows to keep myself immune, I succumbed. Weakly salving my conscience with the knowledge of an approaching birthday (a cake and candles would have sufficed a year before), I added a handcar to the fleet of wheeled hardware.

Of course, it was not long before I and all the other parents in the block were again outdone. Contraptions multiplied and pedestrians were taking to the alleys after a smirking neighbor showed us the full force of the competition. I don't even recall now what the thing was that he mounted his boy on; but I do remember that it made me so mad that I just gasped—and groveled in jones-itis. Without even consulting the calendar for another family birthday, I went out and bought a bicycle for my oldest daughter. She has had special instructions to permit any child in the neighborhood to ride it now and then, with the one proviso that care be taken not to injure it or any pedestrian.



But with the bicycle, and the hollow revenge it brought me, I gave up. My sense of humor suddenly reasserting itself, my jones-itis expired. A heavy, greenish fog lifted from around me, and I stood back and had two long looks: one at my neighbors and the other at myself. In the first instance, I permitted myself a belly-laugh that would have done justice to a jackass, and then felt very grave.

I have definitely quit buying mechanical junk; my youngsters will have to get along with what they already have—and they know it—and I don't believe the lesson in self-denial is going to hurt them. I hope the world they will have to live in will allow them a few roses, but I want them to be prepared for the thorns—I don't want them hanging themselves up on ropes in the attic because a high-school classmate drives a better car than I can give them, nor do I want them jumping from 20-story buildings because the stock market goes up for a neighbor but down for them.

I've headed off Junior's present demand for a motor-powered scooter by buying him a cash-register bank. Magically, he has quit spending every

cent that comes his way: it fascinates him to see his savings grow. He's saving for the scooter.

But I've a hunch that his yearning for it is going to pass. For, once more moving and having our being in an atmosphere of common sense, we have undertaken a project—something constructive. We had a pair of baby-carriage wheels in the basement, and I brought home a couple of excellent wheels from an old coaster wagon the last time we visited our farm. With these, and some rods from the junked Maxwell on the same farm, we are building a foot-propelled chugmobile. Junior figures he is doing most of the work; he's mighty proud, and we're both having a swell time. Moreover, when the chug gets out on the street, I'll eat a race track if it doesn't start a chug epidemic and put every scooter, bike and trike in the block in the obsolete-battleship class. It will, or I don't know boys, in spite of what chromium-plated parents try to make of them. And that, furthermore, will be for the good of the whole neighborhood since it will help to teach these streamlined children to streamline their minds and work with their hands.



Social climber: One who'd rather eat a cheese sandwich at the local nabob's than a fried-chicken dinner with old friends.

Harlan Miller in *Better Homes and Gardens* (Jan. '42).

# Tea

By J. F. CAIUS

Meditation's handmaid

Condensed from the *New Review*\*

**For Okakura**, "the aromatic tea leaves hang like a cloud in the serene skies, or float like water lilies upon the unhurried emerald-green stream. Amiability, politeness, and kindness invade the body of the drinker; the fourth cup produces a gentle perspiration, and all the evils and injustices of life are extruded through the pores of his skin. With the fifth cup, the purification is complete. The sixth cup summons him to ultramundane regions; and with the seventh cup, a wind from that remote land bellies in his sleeves."

The natural modesty of tea has won the heart of all the nations with which it has come into close contact during recent centuries: the Chinese, Russians, British. The English, in particular, have long been allied with this trustworthy companion. Tea promotes quietude, Buddhist self-absorption; it encourages vigorous tranquillity, leanness, and wakefulness. It is a beverage for taciturn people, and is therefore better suited than coffee to the English. For 200 years tea has been the cornerstone of their mental life and of their empire.

Small quantities of tea were brought by the Dutch East India Company to England early in the 17th century,

but it was not till about 1657 that it began to be used as a beverage, when Garraway opened a teahouse in Exchange Alley; the price then was from \$25 to \$50 a pound. Pepys, writing on Sept. 25, 1660, says: "I did send for a cup of tee, a China drink, of which I had never drunk before." Two years later he writes: "Home, and there find my wife making of tea, a drink which Mr. Pelling the pothicary tells her is good for her cold and defluxions." Until 1834, when it lost the monopoly of the eastern trade, the English East India Company was the sole legitimate importer of tea.

Until about 1750, tea was drunk only by wealthy people. Its adoption by the middle and lower classes raised a violent storm of opposition on the part of social reformers and others who regarded tea drinking among the poor as a vice to be eradicated. Cobbett called it a "troublesome and pernicious habit." Nevertheless it continued to spread.

Who planted the earliest bushes? Who made the first cup of tea? The early history of tea is mainly traditional; it consists of much that is obviously mythical, mingled with gleanings from the casual references

\*10 Government Place East, Calcutta, India. September, 1941.

of travelers and authors. The saga of tea, like that of coffee, opens with the story of the wakefulness that ensues when people drink an infusion of tea leaves. A tradition exists in China that a knowledge of tea traveled eastwards to China, and was introduced in the latter half of the 6th century by Bodhidharma, an ascetic who came from India on a missionary expedition. Dharma was so devoted an ascetic that he denied himself even natural rest. Being one day, however, overcome by sleep, he felt, on awakening, such keen remorse for yielding thus weakly to his lower nature, that he cut off both his eyelids and flung them on the ground. From these sprang the tea plant. The holy man partook of its leaves, and found to his surprise that it endowed him with fresh vigor to renew his meditations. He communicated his discovery to his disciples, and taught them the method of using the leaves. Since then, in the Far East, tea has been "as light and wakeful as the eyelids of Dharma."

The tea plant is not particular about soil, but is very fastidious about climate; or, in other words, tea will grow almost anywhere, but not in very many climates will it pay. It will thrive in all parts of the tropical and subtropical zones where the thermometer in the shade never exceeds 95°F; never falls below 55°F; where the rainfall yearly aggregates 100 to 130

inches; where there is never any long drought, but where rain falls at reasonable intervals all the year round; where heavy dews are frequent; where morning fogs are not uncommon; where the sun shines hot in an atmosphere perfectly free from dust; where at no season can a breath of hot wind be felt; where light, penetrating rain is more common than furious downpours; where the effect of the entire climate is essentially enervating to man. These are the conditions that constitute a good climate for tea, and under which it is wise, if wise anywhere, to make tea gardens. Fever and tea go together. No highly successful tea district can ever be a healthy one.

Tea is raised from seed. This is rather larger than a hazel nut, with a thicker and darker shell and a perfectly spherical shape. The seed pods and seeds are gathered after they have fallen, and placed for a few days in damp, shallow sand pits covered with dried grass, after which the pods are easily removed. After shelling, the seed is placed in a water tank and a certain number of the sinkers are split and examined. If these are 90% or more good they are dried and sold. If they show less than 90% sound, they are put back into the pits for four or five days and then refloats, and a fresh test made of the sinkers.

Growing wild, the tea plant is a tall shrub, and is converted into a bush of convenient pluckable height

by pruning. The leaves are gathered several times a year from the third year. In Ceylon the pluckings are made every 10 or 12 days all the year round. The plucking is done with the thumbnail, and the leaf must on no account be torn off. The correct plucking of a bush is the most important operation, since too severe plucking may ruin the health of the bush, and too light plucking may result in a serious loss of crop. It is common to pluck two leaves and a bud for tea making, although often three or four leaves are taken if the object is to make a large crop rather than a fine tea. The pluckings are *fine* when the top bud and the two young leaves below it are taken; *medium* when three leaves are taken; *coarse* when four leaves are included with the bud. From the first, the *pekoe* teas are made—*flowery pekoe* from the youngest leaf, *orange pekoe* from the next, *pekoe* from the third leaf. *Souchongs* and *congous* are made from the coarse leaves.

The handling of tea leaves after plucking is determined by the kind of finished tea to be produced. In the case of black tea the leaves are wilted or withered on trays in a draught of dry, cool air. This is continued until the leaf is soft and flaccid. Withering is necessary in order that the leaf, when rolled, may take the peculiar twist which custom demands in tea. At the present time,

when everything and everybody is everywhere moving fast, when more than ever "time is money," broken teas are in greater demand than leafy teas, since the quick infusion given by a flaky leaf is required rather than the slower infusion given by a well twisted leaf. On this account the tea leaf is not so well physically withered as it was years ago. Yet, in order to obtain a full, mature tea the leaf must be well withered chemically. When the midrib of the tea leaf begins to change from a bright green color to a reddish brown the leaf is considered to be chemically ready for rolling.

The withered leaves then go to the rolling machines where they are twisted and crushed. Considerable diversity of opinion exists as to whether tea should be rolled lightly or hard: the former gives a prettier tea with more of the golden "tip"; the latter gives a stronger liquor, and the tea keeps better. The roller leaf is now ready for fermentation, an operation requiring close attention. It is placed in drawers or on tables, and covered with cloths freshly wrung out of cold water. The time required for proper fermentation depends upon the degree of wither, the temperature of the room, and the thickness of the spreading. The art of teamaking lies in taking up the tea for firing just at the right time, determined partly by the aroma or "nose" of the leaf, which passes from the smell of chopped cab-

bage to that of fine ripe apples, and partly by the color, which should be a bright copper or red. Lightly fermented tea yields a pale, pungent infusion when finished, the pungency being due to an excess of unfermented tannin. Fully fermented tea yields a deep-colored, soft-flavored liquor of good body. The best tea is that which receives a medium fermentation and has in consequence a brisk taste, with high flavor and aroma.

In the manufacture of green tea, the freshly plucked leaves are thrown directly into a roasting pan, and are kept tossing about until flaccid, when they are emptied upon a mat of bamboo and rolled by hand. They are then dried quickly over a charcoal fire. The main feature in the manufacture of green tea lies in the omission of the withering and fermenting, and the substitution for those of a steaming or panning process.

In Russia, tea that makes a dark strong liquor is preferred; not that such liquor is used, but that the greatest possible quantity of tea-colored water may be obtained from the teapot by refilling it over and over again from the samovar, or urn for boiling the water. The tea is generally drunk from glasses while very hot, with a liberal addition of sugar and a flavoring of lemon. This method is probably a more healthy one than that followed in many parts of the United Kingdom, where strong infusions of

powerful teas are indulged in too frequently.

In making the infusion for beverage purposes the finest flavored tea is produced by pouring fresh and actively boiling water upon the dry leaves and allowing it to stand not longer than one and one-half minutes, when the infusion should be immediately poured off the grounds. This brief infusion is sufficiently long to absorb practically all of the delicate essential oil which gives the tea its peculiar flavor. It is also long enough to dissolve out enough tannic acid to make the taste sprightly, without being astringent. The infusion will also contain about four-fifths of the caffeine present. The strong biting quality preferred by some tea drinkers is obtained by a five-minute infusion, which dissolves a large proportion of tannin, but at the expense of the volatile oil of the tea which is dissipated by the continued heat. The happy mean may be struck by observing the following points: "Keep the stock of tea in an airtight canister. Allow from half to one teaspoonful of leaves to each half pint of water. Have ready two warm, dry earthenware teapots, and place the leaves in one. Directly the water boils pour it onto the leaves, allow it to stand for from one to three minutes, and then decant the clear infusion into the second teapot. The spent leaves should be at once thrown away."

Linnaeus first published, in 1737, the name of the genus as both *Camellia* and *Thea*. As more species were known, botanists of the 19th century gradually became convinced that the difference between the genera was so small that their separation was no longer useful. The united genus is known as *Camellia*, after the Moravian Jesuit, George Joseph Kamel, or Camellus, a traveler in Asia, who wrote a history of the plants of the Isle of Luzon. In conservatories and greenhouses *Thea* is often grown as an ornamental plant and as an object of interest. The plants are managed

like their close relatives, the camellias, but are less popular because their flowers are axillary and hence less useful for cutting than camellias.

A point of some importance in the distribution of the industry is that tea growing requires abundant cheap labor—practically all cultivation is done by hand. Thus a country where labor is dear cannot long compete with one where labor is cheap. In Natal, for instance, tea growing was abandoned owing to the high cost of labor: and in the U.S., for a similar reason, tea culture never progressed past the experimental stage.



## Flights of Fancy

Nature twilit a few stars.—*Sister M. M.*

The Church provides a good fire escape.—*Thomas Edison.*

Hitler's motto: "Veni, vidi, Vichy."—*Fulton J. Sheen.*

An expanse of blue sea, smooth enough to fold.—*James A. Walsh.*

She thought a fluid drive meant the sap behind the wheel.—*Ralph Kramp.*

The heel rounded the corner on two heels and crashed into church, late.—*Leo J. Carroll, O.Carm.*

She lighted each succeeding sentence from the faint spark of the sentence that was dying.—*Daniel A. Lord, S.J.*

[Readers are invited to submit figures of speech and other well-turned phrases similar to those above. We will pay upon publication \$1 to the first contributor of each one used. Exact source must be given. Contributions cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]

As implacable as a setting hen.—*Sister Eileen Marie.*

She selected her hats very enchoosastically.—*Joseph J. Szlosek, S.S.J.*

Her tongue is hinged in the middle and swings at both ends.—*Doran Hurley.*

The long ribbon of road slowly unspooled before him.—*Sister Stella Regina.*

Stalks of goldenrod like so many lighted candles burned along the fence.—*Bess Streeter Aldrich.*

During the quadrille, his partner touched his hand as if she were feeling for cucumbers in the dark.—*Van Wyck Brooks.*



# Peace for Refugees

By FULTON J. SHEEN

First and last

Condensed from a Catholic Hour broadcast\*

**The world** today is full of refugees, either in hiding in lands of persecution, or praying for a merciful death in the concentration camps of the dictators. Appalled by its magnitude, the Jews tremble in fear at the growing anti-Semitism that makes the Jews "wandering Jews," as the Christians tremble at the increasing godlessness that begets the "wandering Christians."

But while Jews and Christians alike have been persecuted, has there not been a false view taken by both? Have not the Jews too often concentrated exclusively on the persecution of their own people in Germany, while Christians too often concentrated exclusively on the persecution of their brethren in Russia, instead of both seeing that there was a common ground of protest? Have not some Jews and Christians dwelt too much on the dictator who persecuted, rather than on the injustice of the persecution? The result was that when the same injustice was found in another dictator, it was condoned.

This narrow point of view which considers the sharp-toothed, pitiless tormentings of Jews and Christians as separate questions, is wrong. First of all, because we are all children of

God, as St. Paul tells us: "For there is no distinction between Jew and Greek, for there is the same Lord of all, rich towards all who call upon Him." Furthermore, no one has a right to speak on the subject of persecution, and no one has a right to be heard on it, unless he condemns persecution irrespective of where he finds it.

There is no such thing in the world today as the problem of anti-Semitism as distinct from the problem of anti-Christianity; just as there is no such problem as that of anti-Christianity divorced from the problem of anti-Semitism. The persecution of one involves the persecution of the other.

To understand this truth, glance back into the beginning of Christian history. The tetrarch of Galilee at the time of the birth of our divine Lord was Herod. Herod was not a Jew, nor a Greek, nor a Roman. He was an Idumean, a barbarian Arab who adored the Romans, imitated the Greeks, and ruled the Jews. There was a kind of anonymity about him which made him the world-type of dictator who persecutes religion. Shedding blood was second nature to him; like modern Herods, he cut a swath of human flesh to his throne. He married Mariamne, the niece of

\*Over the NBC network, Dec. 28, 1941.

the ruler whose throne he usurped, and then killed her and her mother, Alexandra, and all of her relatives; drowned his brother-in-law, Aristobulus; burned Pharisees alive; murdered his sons begotten by Mariamne—but like all evildoers, he was afraid in the dark.

Imagine his fear, when one day the Wise Men came from the East to Jerusalem saying, "Where is the newly born King of the Jews? For we have seen His star in the East and have come to worship Him." Sorely troubled, he gathered together all the chief priests and scribes of the people, and inquired where Christ was born. They answered, in Bethlehem.

Herod became exceedingly angry because the Magi did not tell him exactly where the Saviour was born; so he decreed that all boys under two years of age "in Bethlehem and all its neighborhood" should be slain.

But the divine Son of Mary was not struck. His hour was not yet come. No one takest His life away: He would lay that down Himself. "An angel of the Lord appeared in a dream to Joseph, saying, 'Arise, and take the Child and His Mother, and flee into Egypt, and remain there until I tell thee.'"

Call the persecutor Herod, call him Hitler, call him Stalin, call him Julian the Apostate—the name matters little, for Herod is the type, the patron demon of all persecutors to the crack

of doom; the modern ones are but soldiers in his ranks. The three steal away into exile, Joseph, Mary, and the Infant Jesus.

They are refugees—the first Jewish refugees in Christian times, and the first Christian refugees in Jewish times. Here are Judaism and Christianity in flight: both common victims of a common scourge. The same sword that Herod drew from his scabbard to attack the Jews made simultaneously a stroke against the Christians. Herod could not slay the Jewish babes without also in intent slaying the first Christian Babe; and in striking at that Christian Babe, he was also striking at a Jew. It was the first moment in history when violence against one was simultaneously violence against the other. Herod could not be anti-Semitic without being anti-Christian.

Fundamentally, there is no such thing as anti-Semitism as such; to be anti-Semitic is also to be anti-Christian, if for no other reason than that the Christian who sins against charity is anti-Christian. This is the way we should look upon the persecutions of the Jews and Christians in the world today; not as separate, unrelated causes, but involving one another in some way because both are related to God.

The persecution of Jews and Christians is a phase in the tragedy of the world. The fundamental reason is this: both Jews and Christians have a

divine mission to the world; both have been called to a special vocation, the Jews as bearers of "the oracles of God," the Christians as bearers of the Gospel of the Son of God. In opposition to both there is the spirit of the world, or the spirit of evil, which is opposed to all things that are of God.

Whether individual Jews or individual Christians remain true to the vocation to which they have been called by almighty God, does not ultimately alter the fact that they have been so called. The spirit of evil hates them because they are both counter-revolutionary to the anti-God spirit; both refuse to look upon this earth as a final city, but regard it only as a proving ground.

I am not concerned with individual dislikes of Jews or Christians for social or other reasons, but with the basic reason for the hatred of both in the abstract, which is inspired by the anti-God hatred of those who are called to bear witness to either the Old Testament or to the New. Both bear witness to the divine in history: the root which is Israel and the branch which is Christian, the carnal sons of Abraham and the spiritual sons.

The Christian who falls away from his faith is as restless in the world as a Jew who has fallen away from his. Neither can acclimate himself to an environment other than that to which he has been divinely summoned. Neither of them can achieve here below

the kingdom to which they have been called; neither can they build a heaven on earth. Regardless of how much they may attempt to compromise with the spirit of the world and its evil, they are still only in the world but not of it, because of their mission. Hence they will both be persecuted and hated. If we would need any proof of this, look but to the totalitarian systems of the world today. They are essentially anti-Semitic and anti-Christian because they hate a nonconformity to their theory that the only god is Caesar. A Jew who would oppose that ideology in the totalitarian states would be persecuted just as much as a Christian, for these states attempt to absorb the Jew and the Christian into themselves. They cannot absorb the Jew because of a racial bond which overflows national loyalties, and they cannot absorb Christians, who insist that God is above Caesar.

What is the philosophy of these states except a secularization and a prostitution of the religions of the Jews and the Christians? Hitler has gone back to the Old Testament for his notion of a race and a chosen people; he corrupted and polluted and secularized that idea by making himself a god and substituting German blood for Jewish. Stalin, in his turn, is indebted to the New Testament for a doctrine which is distinctly Christian, namely, human brotherhood.

He polluted and secularized and prostituted that idea by attempting to build a brotherhood of man without a fatherhood of God, and by substituting a brotherhood of violence for a brotherhood based upon the charity of the cross.

I see that fleeing Christ Child as the Leader of all the refugees of the world down through the ages. There can be no pain of exile that He Himself did not feel, no flight from a sword that He Himself did not experience, no hatred of anti-God that did not burn into His own Soul.

I see a vast army following Him, some not knowing He is their Captain, others knowing it, but all tramping after Him, the Refuge of the world's refugees. There they are, exiles from Russia and Germany, wandering Jews, wandering Christians, seeking an asylum in any new Egypt that will take them until their Herods die.

On and on they come, bleeding feet and bleeding hearts; unfed, hated, and freighted down with a sorrow that makes their morning night, and their noontide black. Not in single file, but

in battalions, struggle on these fugitives from injustice, no one with a single tear, for each tear brings on its heir and inheritor. Great is their grief; only God's black earth can hold it up—no heart is strong enough.

All these refugees, whether they be Jews, Protestants, or Catholics, have this in common: they are the victims of a common enemy, the force of evil, of anti-God and anti-Christ. As such, they are the heirs, whether they know it or not, of the first Jewish Refugee of Christian times, and the first Christian Refugee of Jewish times: the Babe in flight from the anti-God Herod.

Do you Jews want to kill anti-Semitism? Then get back again to God! Do you Protestants and Catholics want to kill bigotry, hatred, communism, and nazism? Then get back to God, not once a week, but every day. There is too much one-eyed charity in the world: charity for Jews and not Christians, or for Christians and not Jews. We already have a common enemy. It is about time we had a common Friend—the Lord of the Universe.



In Antwerp, Belgium, last August, the nazis ordered all Jews to wear the star of David on their arms. The Jews complied. In a few days almost the entire Christian population of Antwerp was wearing the armband. The order was withdrawn.

*Jewish Contemporary Record* quoted in *Notre Dame de Sion* (Jan. '42).

# History of Japan

By VICTOR S. ROSING

The future Writhing Sun

Condensed from the *Young Catholic Messenger*\*

**Japanese** history, which begins in the dim shadows of mythology, describes the Japanese as a nation of warriors. They came originally from the mainland of Asia, perhaps from Malay, perhaps from several places. They immigrated to the isles of Japan before recorded history and drove back the original inhabitants.

Japan's development, like that of every nation, was influenced by its neighbors. The culture of China and Korea was brought to Japan by missionaries, merchants, and craftsmen from those near-by lands. The Chinese system of word signs for writing was adopted by the Japanese, although the languages are very different.

Shintoism, which today is still the chief religion of Japan, is a strange mixture of nature worship and veneration of ancestors. Under it, the emperor is venerated as a direct descendant of the sun goddess. Special honor is paid to the spirits of soldiers who have died for the empire. For about a dozen centuries Shintoism was combined with Buddhism, which Korean missionaries introduced into Japan in the year 554. In the 18th century, however, the two religions were separated, and Buddhism now ranks second to Shintoism in Japan.

As the Japanese had entered Japan by conquest, it was necessary to maintain a strong army. Garrisons were stationed in the outlying districts as protection against the Ainus. At first, soldiers were obtained from the whole population. Later, however, soldiering became a special profession which descended from father to son. These hereditary soldier-knights were the samurai. The chiefs, or daimios, of the samurai became great war lords. They built up large estates in the outlying districts, similar to the feudal baronies of Europe. Sometimes bloody struggles for supremacy took place among the war lords.

In 1192 one of them, Yoritomo, established himself as the supreme war lord of Japan. He called himself *sei-itai-shogun*, which means, "great barbarian-subduing general." From this time until the latter part of the 19th century, the real ruler of Japan was the shogun. The emperor sat upon the throne, but had no power.

For 400 years there was constant warfare and intrigue rife among the daimios, each trying to establish himself as shogun. This civil strife was set aside in the 13th century, but only long enough to fight off an invasion by Kublai Khan, the Mongol chief-

\*124 E. 3rd St., Dayton, Ohio. Jan. 9, 1942.

tain. The Japanese war lords united and held off the huge Mongol expedition until, like the Spanish Armada, it was destroyed by a storm.

The rivalry among the daimios was finally ended in 1600, when Iyeyasu defeated his rivals and seized power. His descendants ruled as shoguns until the shogunate was abolished in 1868.

Although Marco Polo had heard about Japan during his travels in China, no Europeans visited the island empire until a Portuguese ship was wrecked on the coast in 1542. The Portuguese then began to trade with the Japanese. This trade was at first encouraged, and the English, Dutch, and Spaniards also took part in it.

In 1549, St. Francis Xavier arrived in Japan and began the work of converting the Japanese to Christianity. He left for China in 1551, but the work was carried on by other missionaries. By 1582 there were 200,000 Catholics in Japan.

Then the fear arose that the missionaries were really spies for the European powers, and they were ordered to leave. In 1614 the shogun issued an edict calling for the destruction of Christianity, and terrible persecutions began.

"While the sun warms the earth, let no Christian be so bold as to venture into Japan," was the warning sent out in 1640. The rulers were determined that Japan should be com-

pletely shut off from the rest of the world. Japanese subjects were forbidden, under penalty of death, to leave Japan. Missionaries who attempted to enter the country were horribly tortured.

The next chapter of the story of Christianity in Japan, however, is both touching and dramatic. About the middle of the 19th century, Japan began once more to have dealings with other nations. Missionaries were grudgingly permitted to open churches for foreigners in certain ports. In 1865, 15 Japanese came to Father Petitjean in Nagasaki and declared themselves to be Christians. There were, they said, about 50,000 Christians in Japan; the faith had been kept alive and passed from generation to generation, through two centuries of the most frightful persecution the Church has ever experienced.

In 1884 a decree by the emperor declared that there was no longer any state religion. The constitution, which was adopted in 1889, recognized religious liberty. In 1891 the archdiocese of Tokyo was established.

The event which brought Japan again into contact with the rest of the world was the visit, in 1853, of an American squadron under Commodore Matthew Calbraith Perry. Commodore Perry had been sent to Japan to try to obtain a treaty of trade and friendship between that country and the U.S. He carried a friendly,



cordial letter from President Fillmore to the emperor. His mission was successful: the treaty was signed in 1854, and later Japan made treaties with European nations.

Once having rejoined the world's family of nations, the Japanese determined to modernize their country. The rapid progress they made in this line was little short of amazing. The first step was the abolition in 1868 of the shogunate and the samurai, and a constitutional government, under the emperor, was established the next year. Japanese statesmen and scholars were sent abroad to learn the ways of the nations of the West.

As Japan became a modern nation, she also became a world power. By military and diplomatic means, she set out to become the leading nation of the Orient.

The first new territory was acquired in 1879, when Japan quietly took over the semi-independent Ryukyu Islands. The native king was made a Japanese marquis. In 1875 a deal was consummated with Russia whereby Japan gave up all claim to Karafuto, on Sakhalin Island, in exchange for a clear title to the Kuriles.

In 1894 and 1895 came war with the tottering Chinese empire, which was no match for Japan. As a result, Korea was declared independent, and Japan took over Formosa and the Pescadores Islands.

At the beginning of the 20th cen-

tury, Russia became alarmed at Japan's growing power and moved to obtain new concessions in Chinese Manchuria and Korea. This led to war in 1903. Japan destroyed the Russian fleet and besieged and captured the city of Port Arthur. As a result of the peace arranged by President Theodore Roosevelt in 1905, Japan got Karafuto, and took over the Russian rights for railway development in Manchuria. Five years later, Korea was annexed outright.

As a result of the first World War, which she entered because of a treaty with Britain, Japan obtained German territories including the Marshall, Pelaw, Caroline, and Marianne Islands.

After the first World War there followed a period of restless peace. In 1929, Chang Hseuh-liang, the Manchurian war lord, supported by the government of China, began to oppose the Japanese "development" of his territory. Japanese troops entered Manchuria in 1931, and in 1932 Japan set up the state of Manchukuo, under Henry Pu Yi, then known as the boy emperor of China. The Japanese soldiers continued marching into the adjoining province of Jehol.

China was at this time not strong enough to offer any military resistance, but the Chinese refused to buy Japanese goods. This proved very embarrassing to the Japanese; their newly obtained raw materials would be of little use to them if no one would

buy their finished products. The Japanese knew they must gain control of the government of China in order to control all foreign trade.

Japanese pressure, however, served only to unify China. Marshal Chiang Kai-shek at last was able to bring all the opposing factions together under the banner of the Nationalistic government. In 1937, fighting began in North China.

This war, undeclared until recently, has been going on ever since. The

Japanese have made great gains in territory, but have been unable to win a final victory. And finally, in what seems a last, desperate effort to carry out her plans, Japan has plunged into all-out war with the U.S., Britain and the Netherlands Indies, which have opposed her course.

From this point onward, the history of Japan is entangled with that of our own country. It is being written in the news dispatches from the battlegrounds of the Pacific.



## Clash of Air Waves

Condensed from the *American Weekly*\*

Purposeful tongues

**Uncle Sam** has become the greatest "listener" in the history of the world. Uncle Sam's listening is motivated by no idle interest, because the future of the whole world undoubtedly will be affected by the accuracy of his "listening" and his ability to analyze what he hears.

The Foreign Broadcast Monitoring Service, created by the Federal Communications Commission in cooperation with the Defense Communications Board, is translating, transcribing, analyzing and reporting on from 600,000 to 900,000 words transmitted every day by foreign broadcasting sta-

tions operating throughout the world.

Working in three shifts of eight hours each, a special force of technicians, translators, analysts and other experts is keeping abreast of all international broadcasts which originate outside of this country, 24 hours a day, seven days a week. Speeches, newscasts, and entertainment, even to the inclusion of some musical programs, are carefully watched for information and trends, which are reported immediately to government officials.

To accomplish its purpose, the Foreign Broadcast Monitoring Service

\*235 E. 45th St., New York City. Nov. 23, 1941.

operates a sort of belt line. Four listening posts are tuned to foreign broadcasts. They are so located that each may hear transmissions from a particular region of the world. The listening post at Portland, Ore., concerns itself with Far Eastern broadcasts; another at Kingsville, Texas, has to do with Latin-American events; the third, at Santurce, Puerto Rico, watches western Europe; the fourth, at Guilford, Md., covers the rest of Europe, Africa and the Near East.

All of these listening posts report first to the FCC's carefully guarded monitoring center in a grim little building on F St., a few blocks from the capitol. Here, thousands of words are recorded, edited and interpreted daily by a staff under Lloyd Free, a trained propaganda expert, whose reports are sent each morning to President Roosevelt, Vice President Wallace, and others. To take the utmost advantage of all information, government officials must have flashes and reports within the shortest time possible. The four units, therefore, have almost instantaneous communication with the Washington control office.

The altered tone of certain foreign broadcasts gave the first indication

that Germany was about to invade Russia, and that Japan intended to occupy Indo-China.

Night and day the German announcements to Latin America described President Roosevelt's "shoot-on-sight" order as a "premeditated policy designed to create a new world order on the basis of violence, terror and assassination."

The policy of our counterpropaganda officials is not to answer these charges directly but to increase the flow of accurate news which American news services have been sending to Latin America for years. Every effort is made to report the rising tide of American war productions, and no opportunity is lost to remind the Latin Americans of the fate suffered by the democratic countries and institutions in Europe. To combat German propaganda in Latin America, short-wave stations are being erected in America to feed 68 long-wave stations in Latin America.

The German radio bombards us for nearly 11 hours daily, the British send us about six and a half hours, Japan four and a half, and Italy more than four. The Foreign Broadcast Monitoring Service is Uncle Sam's powerful answer.

I'm afraid I'd never be able to upbraid a child of mine for ingratitude, since I happen to believe that a baby pays in entertainment of its parents during its first five years for all the money a father can spend on him until he's 21 years old.

Harlan Miller in *Better Homes and Gardens* (Jan. '42).

# Churches Destroyed

By JAMES PAUL MILLEN

Swastically obvious

Condensed from the *Messenger of the Precious Blood*\*

A few paces in front of the gorgeous Byzantine church of San Marco in Venice, the visitor notices (if he is not too absorbed in the heavenly splendor of the architecture or too distracted by the crowds feeding the pigeons in the great square) a little brass marker. It indicates the spot where "enemy" bombs fell in the first World War. I can still recall the shock and horror at the sight of that little marker, a sensation we all felt when we read of the shelling of Rheims and the havoc wrought on its medieval Gothic cathedral.

Previous to the first World War, many men, especially those who had not learned well the lesson in the catechism about original sin, dreamed of the golden age of progress lying before mankind. At last mankind had grown to maturity, given up its simple beliefs and superstitions. The dark ages were past. The age of science and enlightenment was here. And all of us hoped to see wonderful advances in science, art, and the cause of peace. No one then dreamed that man would again revert to the savage and destroy his own art, literature, culture, and all else that had been so laboriously acquired through decades of effort. The ruins of the

past cultures as seen at Athens and Rome were a thing of the past. The Roman Church, many alleged, was largely responsible for destroying the great works of pagan art because she dreaded their influence on her converts. (The fact is, the Church was responsible for preserving what has been saved.) Such was the thought and hope of men who sought progress through man alone.

The first World War awakened men from that sweet dream of human perfectibility. The sad postwar years with their domestic, economic, and religious disasters added cynicism to disillusionment. And the second World War should make complete the dreadful lesson of man's utter failure when thrown on his own resources, the lesson of his need for God. The vivid news releases telling of the bombing of St. Paul's in London; of the effect of the bombing on Westminster Abbey, on the British Museum; of the destruction of homes and hospitals; of the starving of women and children, are dreadful comment on our civilization and progress. And it is all the more significant because it follows a period of unparalleled material and scientific progress throughout the entire world. And

\*Carthage, Ohio. January, 1942.

this very progress has become man's own undoing. Far more dreadful today than in the first World War is the spirit of cruelty, reprisal, destruction of all values whether material or spiritual. We are not far from truth when we assert that the bombings are a symbol of the devastation of the spirit in men's hearts and minds.

In this destruction of churches and homes one point has been overlooked. For the most part the churches destroyed were empty churches. They were looked upon as "works of art" or culture, rather than houses of prayer. The faith, any faith, had fled from most of them long ago. Though it is true that the Catholic churches are still filled with devout worshipers, and that many Protestant churches are sacred to a considerable group, it is also true that the vast majorities in the large cities like London never see the inside of a church. In America, as well, the great majority in our land never pray, never worship.

But what has all this to do with the destruction of churches? Is not that the work of the "bad man" Hitler? Yes, it is the work of the bad man Hitler; but history teaches us that there have been innumerable bad men in the past, and their evil influence was usually commensurate with the evil of their age. A genius of ruin and destruction has come

upon us because we ourselves were ripe for utter destruction. Does not history teach us that the works of art and culture, the monuments of a civilization are the last to be destroyed? First the soul departs, then the body corrupts and dissolves. The soul of our western culture is the Christian faith, the faith which built the cathedrals, formed our way of life, our law, our government. The empty churches remain as grand symbols of a dead faith. The process has been so gradual that many of us fail to note how mortal it is. But now we should surely realize what has transpired these last few hundred years.

Sincere Americans, appalled by the decay and collapse, might well ask themselves: "Have we too become ripe for ultimate dissolution? Can it happen here?" Yes, it can. Just as we have departed from the religious and moral integrity of our past, so we have prepared for our own destruction. In Europe it is the "new order." Here it is the new morality: religion without dogma, without God, and without the Ten Commandments. Our churches too are deserted; they too are empty without the ancient faith and the ancient sacrifice. If complacent men assert, "It can't happen here," the only answer is, "It is happening here now." How long shall we have to wait before we too begin to destroy what we no longer love: our temples of worship, our

Christian homes, our fellow men in whom we no longer see the image of Christ?

We still use the familiar words: worship, prayer, religion; marriage, home, family; order, justice, love; but the life has gone out of them. They may be still beautiful and impressive, but their beauty is dead; they are as empty as thousands of our churches. Even truth has lost its meaning, and has been perverted to propaganda. Promises are no longer binding, for they are made to serve a purpose and when their purpose is served even the most solemn pledge is disregarded. We have even ceased to expect that men in public life shall speak the truth, hold fast to promises.

Nothing more illuminatingly reveals the hollowness of words than the much heard denunciation of the shameless system of Hitler. No Catholic, no Christian can defend it. Totalitarianism must be condemned by every Catholic. Enthusiasm over the defeat of such a false system spontaneously awakens in the breast of every true Christian. But only the true Christian can really consistently oppose it. Surely the defender of the system of the new morality cannot do so. He too holds that moral law is man-made. If our society can be its own standard of right and wrong, we differ in no essential from the Hitlerian society, which sets up its

own cruel standards of right and wrong and truth and error. And yet at every turn we hear men denounce nazism as opposed to Christian morality and Christian decency. But let us ask these defenders of Christianity what they really mean by Christianity. Do they hold to Christ's divinity, or do they see in Christ only the great humanitarian? If they deny Christ's divinity, then their appeal to Christian ideals is hollow and futile. Such denial is only one step removed from hatred of Christ; for a Christian people, or a people once Christian, cannot be indifferent to Christ. If first it ignores Him, it will next deny Him, and then hate Him. Likewise we might ask the opponent of nazism what he means by Christian decency. The only true Christian decency is founded on the law of Christian morality, the law of the Gospel, which repudiates divorce, upholds chastity in deed and thought, and insists on love of neighbor, supernatural love, even of one's enemies. How can we speak of Christian decency with moral ruin surrounding us, with the fetid atmosphere of moral decay reeking to high heaven?

A glaring example was placed before us some months back, when our ambassador to Canada, a certain well-known Mr. Cromwell, anticipated Mr. Hull and Mr. Stimson in a violent denunciation of Hitler as an enemy and menace to our civilization.



There arose a storm of protest and excitement. But little was said about an incident reported in the press on practically the very same occasion. Mr. Cromwell stopped over at Detroit to do a favor to an old friend, a certain Mr. Jessel (also well known) who, though twice divorced and well over 40, was being wed to a chorus girl reputedly not 16 years old. Mr. Cromwell failed to recognize a far greater menace to our civilization than Hitler. Does the free and well-informed press note these facts, point out the menace? Even the cynical poet Horace would not have permitted such an occasion to pass without at least a "flick of satire." I noted only one criticism of Cromwell on this score in the newspapers. It was made by Frank Kent of Baltimore.

We must fight the forces of evil not with evil but with that which is contrary to evil: the noble and good. In the midst of war we can and must love virtue. In the midst of un-Christian teaching and practice we must cling to Christ and His Gospel. "If society is to be healed," wrote Leo XIII, "in no way can it be healed save by a return to Christian life and Christian institutions."

Americans are asking: "What can I do for my country?" Many practical suggestions are given, but none which all can follow so readily as this: be a good Christian in mind, in heart, in word and deed. The only sure basis for the Christian virtue of patriotism—and patriotism is a virtue—is Christian faith and Christian charity.



## Repartee

Boswell would sometimes ask a tantalizing question of the Doctor and risk the explosion. On occasion he would prepare a query, in the manner of a research chemist putting something new into a test tube. But Boswell did not deal in witless questions. When others asked witless questions Boswell was pleased, and recorded the result. Irritated by a gentleman who asked a variety of questions concerning him, Johnson broke out, "Sir, you have but two topics, yourself and me. I am sick of both." Then there was the case of the "pertinacious gentleman." "Johnson having argued for some time, his opponent, who had talked in a very puzzling manner, happened to say, 'I don't understand you, sir'; upon which Johnson observed, 'Sir, I have found you an argument; but I am not obliged to find you an understanding.'"

Neil Kevin in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* (Nov. '41).

# Those Old Fossils

By DAVID W. FERRIE, C.P.P.S.

The mything link

Condensed from *Nuntius Aulæ*\*

Many biologists, teachers and Sunday-supplement writers are convinced that man, in company with other forms of life, has evolved from some lower being. They speak freely of the "fact of evolution," "the laws of evolution," or of "its certainty beyond all doubt." Artists, such as Charles R. Knight, have painted pictures of primeval life; writers, such as H. G. Wells, have given intimate views of the "cave man" and his domestic life. With a zeal that is unusual evolutionists have appealed to archeology, comparative anatomy, biology, geology, homology, paleontology and other related sciences to support their conclusions. Plaster casts of "evolving man," such as the one in the Hall of the Age of Man in the American Museum of Natural History in New York City, present visual arguments.

There should be three distinct lines of evidence to prove that man has evolved from lower species: 1. that of the lower forms whence the process of evolution started; 2. fossils of the "links" or the intermediaries (which should be great in number); 3. fossils of early man, still in the stages of evolution. We do have abundant evidence of the lower forms. We have

fossils of the ancient *homo sapiens*, but we do not have any genuine fossil evidence of a single intermediary! The evidence offered from time to time for the existence of intermediary forms has been discredited.

There are, nevertheless, very distinguished evolutionists who cling to the theory that there must be a common ancestor from which both the human species and various species of ape evolved, even though this ancestor is yet unknown.

Wasmann concurs with Ranke in observing that we "have the fossil pedigree of the present apes, a pedigree very rich in species—but not one connecting link has been found between their hypothetical ancestral forms and man at the present time. The whole hypothetical pedigree of man is not supported by a single fossil genus or a single fossil species." If there is no fossil evidence for a common genus of man and ape, then there is very little support for the theory of common ancestry.

Propaganda is the most effective way to make a lie believed. If a lie is insisted upon loudly enough and long enough the majority will begin to believe it. So it is with evolution. H. G. Wells contributed much to the

\*St. Charles Seminary, Carthage, Ohio. January, 1942.

popular notion of evolution in his *Outline of History*, in which he comes to the ultimate conclusion that man must have evolved. This conclusion is based on 96 premises, every one of which begins conditionally; that is, with some such phrase as "it is or probably was," "it must have been," "it would seem," "it may have been," "perhaps," "it is probable," "we may guess." Finally he arrives at this categorical assertion: "Our ancestor was a beast, not a man; not an arboreal ape like a chimpanzee. Our ancestor was a walking ape scattering stone tools over the world."

Wells has all the details. With scientific assurance he tells us: "They [Neanderthals] ate no hen's or poultry eggs." This is very interesting, but how does Wells know? "Neolithic man made exceedingly solid and heavy bread. [Really?] It was half-ape-half-monkey. It clambered about trees and ran. It was small brained by our present standards, but it had clever hands with which it handled fruit and beat nuts on rocks, and perhaps caught up sticks and stones to smite its fellows. It was our ancestor."

Wells tells us that Neanderthal Man "wouldn't allow any adult male in the group. He is surrounded by women, boys and girls. When the boys are big enough to incite his jealousy he falls foul of them and kills them off. When he found dead ani-

mals, semiputrid, he would relish them none the less. He would eat his unhealthy children. He would seek larger animals in a weak or dying state. Failing to find them, dead and half-rotten examples would be made to suffice." How, in the name of truth, does Wells know?

As a matter of fact we can know very little of early man. His remains have been found in caves. When the great glaciers from the North swept down over the Northern Hemisphere the valleys were destroyed. The only vestiges of man are those hidden in the caves where the ice could not get at them. Early man made tools and painted pictures and carved statues. He had definite industries, which removes once and for all the idea that he was naturally a nomad or a cave dweller. Nowhere have we found the slightest trace of evidence that early man went about the countryside brandishing a club and dragging his mate by the hair of the head!

The present world is filled with a great and wonderful hierarchy of creatures, from the simplest forms of life (algae, amoebae) to the most complex (man). Each seems to fit into a plan common to all creatures. But this hierarchy does not mean evolution, and the similarity can, itself, never indicate descent. Furthermore, ranged against the theory of evolution are Mendel's firmly established laws of heredity: there is

nothing in the progeny that is not in the ancestry; inheritance is effected by the gametic cells. The theory which maintains that the gametic cells can acquire new characteristics (mutationism) is rejected by all scientists. And according to Dr. Mayr, "Specific evolution cannot be possible without mutations. Mutation does not prove species evolution since it leads only to organic diversity and not to the establishment of discontinuous units, *species*." Mayr also tells us that gametic cells do not pick up new characteristics. Instead, they throw off characteristics, which is just the opposite of what is demanded by the evolutionary hypothesis.

The incompatibility of Mendel's laws with evolution might still be thrown into doubt in the face of geological evidence. But we can find no traces of man evolving. At best the evolution of man is only a theory, still unproved. Dr. Mayr admits this when he says: "Man is a poor subject to prove evolution, because the fossil record is scant." He continues: "If you want to demonstrate the transformation of species you should select some abundant species, such as sea shells."

Man apparently arose suddenly. He appears at once as a complete true man. Austin H. Clark of the Smithsonian Institution, in summing up the viewpoint of solid and conservative science in regard to the evo-

lution of man, says: "The earliest fauna that we know, that of the Cambrian rocks, was in its broader aspects singularly similar to the aquatic fauna of the present day. Every one of the numerous component species falls at once within a definite phylum as outlined by *living* forms. The long list of animal types represented by the fossils in the Cambrian and immediately succeeding strata can have only one meaning. It shows conclusively that as far back as Cambrian times the status of the animal world was just what it is today. In its very first appearance animal life was in essentially the same form as that in which we now know it. So far as concerns the major groups of animals the creationists seem to have the better of the argument. There is not the slightest evidence that any one of the major groups arose from any other. Each animal is related to all the rest, a special and distinct creation."

Prof. Henry Fairfield Osborn himself says that he has finally come to the conclusion that the ape-man is a myth.

The state of the question now seems to be this: if man did evolve from one of the lower forms we have no fossil evidence to prove the fact. Moreover, the evidence presented to the world so far represents a series of colossal mistakes, or colossal frauds, and the public has swallowed them.

## Books of Current Interest

[Any of which can be ordered through us.]

Cudahy, John. *The Armies March*. New York: Scribner's. 304 pp. \$2.75.

Personal report on Europe's war machines, hunger and misery, by the great-hearted ambassador to Belgium.

Foley, Albert S. *St. Regis*. Milwaukee: Bruce. 267 pp. \$2.50.

Gripping story of the Jesuit crusader's attack on social evils in 17th-century France.

Hollis, Christopher. *Noble Castle*. New York: Longmans. 250 pp. \$2.50.

Lucid, popular exposition, based on classical literature, of the attitude of the human mind at the time of the coming of Christ.

Jungmann, Joseph A. *Liturgical Worship: An Inquiry Into Its Fundamental Principles*. New York: Pustet. 141 pp. \$1.25.

Instills a deeper understanding and greater appreciation of the Mass and the Breviary.

Maritain, Raissa. *We Have Been Friends Together*. New York: Longmans. 208 pp. \$2.50.

Memoirs, embellished with unusually interesting pictures of her husband Jacques, and of French poets, philosophers, artists, and literary acquaintances.

Nielen, Josef Maria. *The Earliest Christian Liturgy*. St. Louis: Herder. 416 pp. \$3.

Comprehensive survey of prayer and liturgy of primitive Christianity as found in the New Testament, showing the interrelation of early Christian life and worship.

Phillip, Quentin Morrow. *We Who Died Last Night*. St. Meinrad, Ind.: The Grail. 299 pp. \$2.

Story of a man's rise from a Chicago gutter, and over extraordinary temptation.

Sheen, Fulton J. *A Declaration of Dependence*. Milwaukee: Bruce. 140 pp. \$1.75.

Discusses the causes and effects of the present war and the conditions of a just war.

Strong, L. A. G. *John McCormack*. New York: Macmillan. 301 pp. \$3.

Biography of the poor Irish boy whose mellow voice and marvelous diction raised him to fame on the concert stage.

Thomas, Alfred Barnaby. *Forgotten Frontiers*. Norman, Okla.: U. of Okla. Press. 421 pp. \$5.

Study, based on original documents, of the contribution of the Spanish Governor Anza of the key province of New Mexico to the solution of the Indian problem. A tale of necessary conquest, conciliation and civilization.